JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 19, 1935

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVIII.
1531.

WOLVES AFTER BALDWIN SEE PAGE 9

JOHN BULL

A new PHILIPS for everybody ONLY 6½ GNS.

The circle and stars form the Philips emblem — symbolic of absolute reliability, the "Invisible Component" in every Philips receiver — the one outstanding quality which has built Philips reputation.

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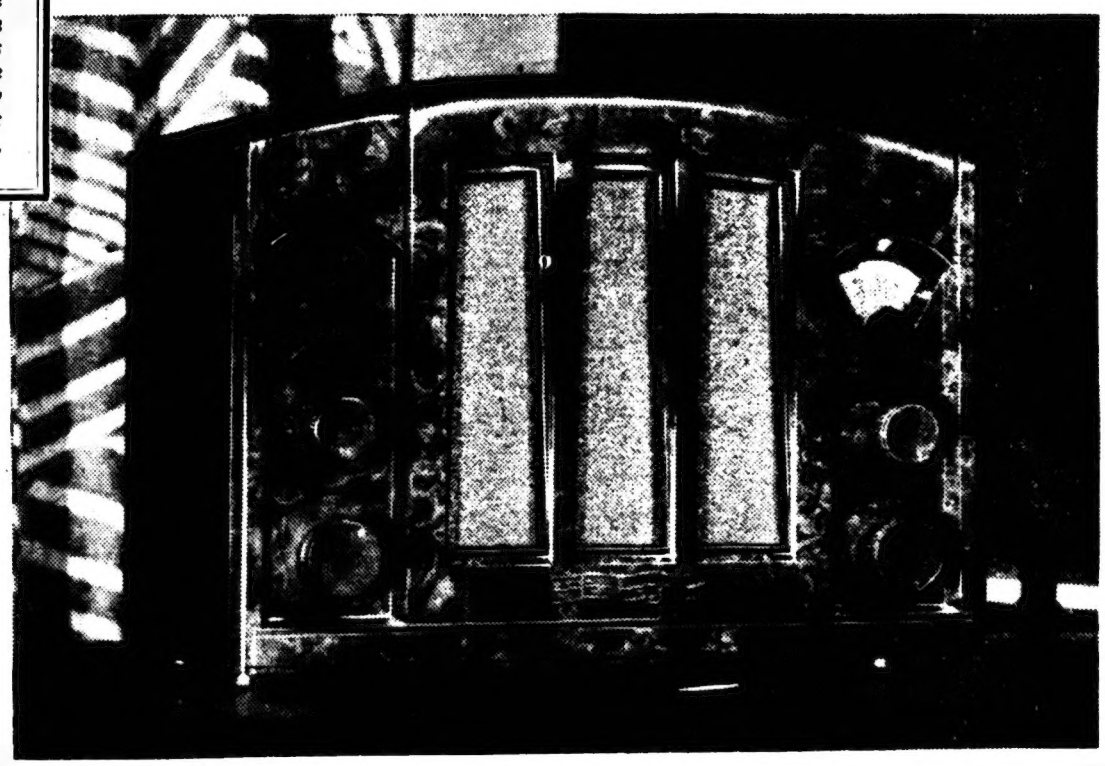

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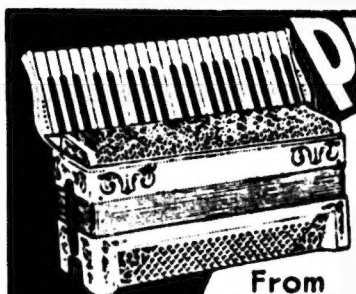

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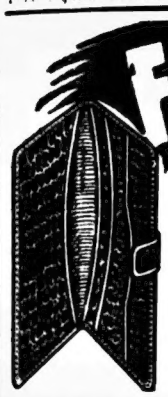

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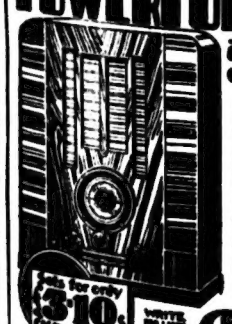

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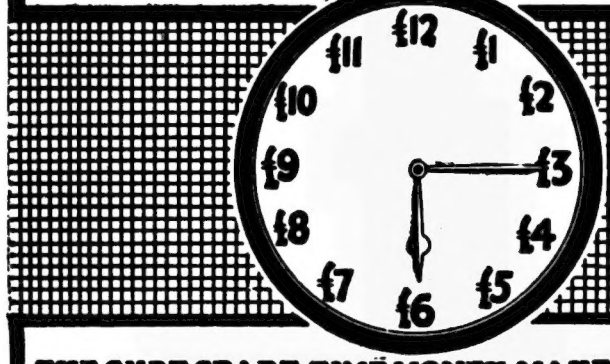

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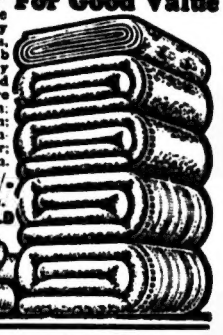

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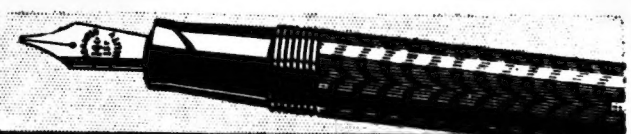

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French Chemists, after years of research, have discovered a new face-powder which completely ends shiny nose and greasy-looking skin. It gives a perfect 'matt finish' which lasts for 8 hours. Neither rain nor perspiration can spoil it.

The secret is a new ingredient called 'Double Mousse' now contained in the New Poudre Tokalon. This makes the powder moisture-proof. Prove it for yourself by this simple test. Cover one finger with the New Poudre Tokalon, then dip your finger in a glass of water. Take it out, and notice your finger is not shiny and wet but *perfectly dry and 'matt'*. The powder withstands the moisture because it contains 'Double Mousse'.

Your skin cannot become shiny when using the New Poudre Tokalon. You can dance for hours in a hot room and have a complexion as fresh and lovely as when you began. New Poudre Tokalon has been adopted by all the smartest French women. Try a box to-day and see how amazingly different it is from all other powders because it is the only one with the 'matt finish' secret. The fascinating girlish complexion it gives you will be the admiration and envy of all your friends. 6d. and 1/- a box.

TO RELIEVE CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES

If you have catarrhal deafness or are hard of hearing or have head noises, go to your chemist and get one ounce of Parmint (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it half-pint of hot water and four ounces of sugar or golden syrup or honey; stir until dissolved. This makes such a wonderful lung syrup that the first spoonful will bring relief.

This Parmint Syrup will end all the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the annoying drop ping into the throat. This prescription is approved by the highest medical authorities, is easy to prepare, costs little, and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has catarrhal deafness or head noises or catarrh in any form should give this a trial. There is nothing better.

Lumbago cured by Macleans Rub.

Don't let lumbago make your life a misery. The great firm of Macleans have discovered a Rub which actually penetrates the skin and subcutaneous tissues to dissolve the uric acid crystals in the muscles and nerve sheaths. It brings relief almost immediately. Now sufferers from Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica or any uric acid trouble can end their pain. Do not delay! Your pain can be conquered. Macleans Brand Rheumatic Rub is bound to bring you ease and comfort. Get a tube to-day. It is non-irritating, non-greasy, but it works like magic. Get a tube of Macleans Rheumatic Rub to-day. At all chemists, 1/3, or 3/- a very large tube. Money back if not satisfied.

HIDDEN POWER THAT PROTECTS CHILDREN

How Thousands Escape Winter Illness

MOTHERS used to think that it didn't matter which form of cod liver oil they gave their children to build them up against dangerous winter illnesses. Plain cod liver oil, cod liver oil and malt, Scotts Brand Emulsion, or cod liver oil tablets—mothers thought they were all equally good.

But a famous Medical Research Body working in London has just found out that it matters tremendously to the child's health which form of cod liver oil parents give. Because only certain forms can be digested by children.

This Medical Research Body has proved that the trouble with plain cod liver oil, or with cod liver oil and malt, or with tablets, is that 7 hours after you give oil this way it is still lying undigested in the child's inside—most of it is passed out undigested through the bowels and so doesn't do the child any good.

* * *

But within 30 minutes of giving cod liver oil in the creamy form of Scotts Brand Emulsion the whole spoonful is digested. The whole spoonful goes straight into your child's chest and body to build him up. Only when the globules of oil have been made creamy and light, in the form of Scotts Brand Emulsion, can children digest them properly.

These discoveries explain why, when mothers change to Scotts Brand Emulsion, their children put on more weight than other children, they are much stronger—and better protected against coughs, colds and all winter illnesses.

Why some well-fed children don't put on weight

The best body-building foods, like milk and butter and eggs and meat, are the most difficult for children to digest—usually 1 3rd of their body-building goodness is lost. Scott's Brand Emulsion is so much more digestible than ordinary cod liver oil that it actually helps to digest other foods as well. Children given Scotts Brand Emulsion regularly get *every possible ounce* of nourishment out of their meals. In 2 weeks they put on weight, they get more flesh, their bones get stronger, their blood richer—they go through the winter much better than other children.

Information for Doctors

The above facts were revealed recently by an eminent Research Body working in London. The official report is available for inspection by the Medical Profession at 10, Stonecutter Street, E.C.4.

Scotts Brand Emulsion contains finest cod liver oil of guaranteed vitamin potency, with glycerine and hypophosphites of essential mineral salts. Biological tests show that Scotts Brand Emulsion is completely absorbed in its original form straight from the duodenum into the thoracic duct within 30 minutes of swallowing dosage. On its absorption, this emulsion carries in bile which re-stimulates the liver, and strengthens the digestion.

Mr. Shopkeeper, have you yet entered "John Bull's" Great Contest?

Record Must-be-Won First Prize

£1,000 FOR A WINDOW DISPLAY!

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS for a window display! That is the colossal prize—the largest award of its kind ever made—that you are given the opportunity of winning in the Great National Window Display Contest launched by "John Bull," pioneer of Window Display Contests. Besides this world's record First Prize there are over one thousand cash and other awards waiting to be won.

These include a Second Prize of £100, a Third Prize of £50, Five Prizes of Five Guineas each, and Fifty Prizes of One Guinea each. Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals will be awarded to the dressers of the first, second and third winning displays respectively.

NO ENTRANCE FEE

There is no entrance fee, no irksome restrictions, absolutely nothing to pay. All you are asked to do is to first send the Form below for your Contest Entry Outfit, then select any single product advertised in "John Bull" at any time between October 1st and December 31st, 1935, and make a special display of that product in your window. Your display must remain in position for not less than one week between the above dates. You then send in a photograph of your display to "John Bull," together with the Entry Label that is included with your Contest Outfit. **That is all! The contest is simplicity itself.** Every competitor starts on equal terms. No lavish display is necessary. A simple idea may win you a fortune.

WHETHER YOUR SHOP IS LARGE OR SMALL

No matter how large or small your window, you have as good an opportunity of winning that mammoth £1,000 First Prize as any other competitor. **You cannot fail to benefit by entering this great National Contest.** During the period of the Contest—October 1st to December 31st—the attention of millions of customers will be focused on the shops that make "John Bull" Window Displays. Besides the opportunity to win a gigantic prize, this "John Bull" Window Display Campaign brings you the certainty of splendid publicity and extra sales. Someone MUST win that £1,000. Why shouldn't it be YOU? If you have not already sent an application, post the Form below NOW.

Send this Application Form AT ONCE.

CUT HERE

To THE MANAGER, "John Bull," National Window Display Contest, 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please enter my name as a competitor in "JOHN BULL'S" National Window Display Contest and send me by return FREE ENTRY OUTFIT containing "John Bull" Window Bills and Entry Label enabling me to compete immediately. I have not previously applied.

Name .....

Full Title and Address of Shop.....

.....

Nature of Business..... **Date**.....

Post in unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp. J.B. 19 10 35.

The keener edges of Ever-Ready blades last longer and give you more and better shaves. Made from the finest surgical steel; they are 1½ times thicker than other blades. Sold everywhere.

Ever-Ready BLADES

ANNOUNCEMENT OF EVER-READY RAZOR PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, N.W.9.

PIE DISH. No. 46. Seamless and strong. Heats quickly & evenly. Cannot chip or rust. *From* 11½d.

STEAMER. No. 12. "Fit-all" type. Stout gauge, seamless *From* 3/6d.

SAUCEPAN. No. 3. Heavy quality cut edge rim cover, steel handle. 1 to 16 pints. *From* 1/11d

Look for displays of Diamond utensils and when you buy insist on having Diamond brand. These strong, well designed pans give better service, better cooking and save fuel. Free booklet "Modern Cooking," will give you ideas for winning a "John Bull" Slogan Prize. Ask at dealers or send Postcard to :—

THE LONDON ALUMINIUM Co. Ltd. WITTON, BIRMINGHAM, 6.

DIAMOND ALUMINIUM WARE

Go-suck a ZUBE 3D & 6D *in flat tins*

¶ A "wheeze" is not a good idea, Go—suck a Zube and get that clear.

★ NEW

Here is the new & higher standard of value in 10 for 4ᵖ cigarettes...

BLACK CAT
MEDIUM

a jolly good cigarette

10 for 4d.

Just try the new Black Cat — they contain perfectly blended tobacco—they smoke coolly and evenly. Buy a packet to-day—they are now obtainable everywhere.

★ *Every packet of the new BLACK CAT cigarettes contains a coloured picture of a FAMOUS FOOTBALLER*

B.C.3

ALSO OBTAINABLE – BLACK CAT EXTRA LARGE 20 FOR 1/- ··· 10 FOR 6ᵖ

AND BLACK CAT RED BAND 20 FOR 11ᵖ ··· 10 FOR 5½ᵖ

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY

For week ending Saturday, October 19, 1935. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 2368.

Telegrams: Heroically, London.

Without Fear or Favour

WOLVES *after* BALDWIN!

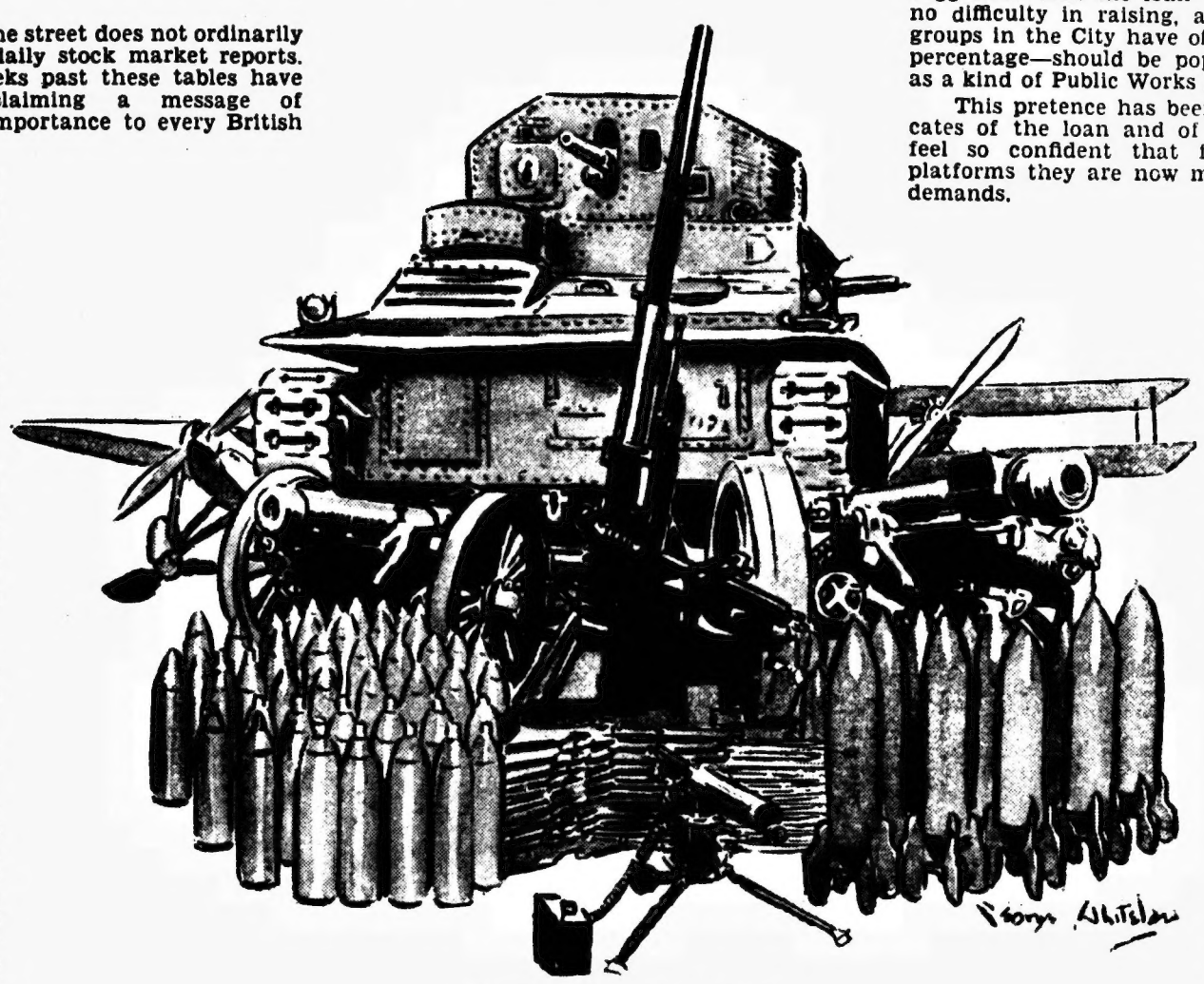
THE man in the street does not ordinarily study the daily stock market reports. Yet for weeks past these tables have been proclaiming a message of dramatic importance to every British citizen.

Day after day the barometer of the markets has remained at "dull," and, with a single exception, practically all classes of shares have been depressed or unstable.

The exception has been armaments stocks, which have been briskly active and steadily rising. Even those shares that not long ago had to be written down to one-third of their issue price have been so buoyant that they have now surpassed their former values.

The people who profit by patriotism are certainly coming into their own again.

The first and natural impression made upon the ordinary person who becomes aware of this activity in the British armament market is that it must be a logical consequence of the Italian - Abyssinian conflict and the display of firmness by the League of Nations. This deduction is completely incorrect.



Piling up the Armaments

THE rise in war stock values in this country has nothing whatever to do with events in East Africa or at Geneva, and is not even partly inspired by the raising of the embargo on the export of arms to Abyssinia.

The reason is one which should be understood by every taxpayer and calmly and thoroughly considered by him in the political turmoil which this country is about to enter.

The plain truth is that, behind the drop-curtain of the international situation, the stage has been set in Britain for a drama to be quickly played, in which this country will take a leading place in a new world-race in armaments and rapidly enrich the speculators and company promoters in the City of London as well as the shareholders of private firms engaged in the production of munitions.

For months past, unknown to the general public, there has been an intense subterranean flow of private propaganda in the City for a vast new British expenditure on armaments. The kites have been flown with success, and the secret drive of the financial manipulators is about to culminate in the political arena.

The armament fanatics in the Government are now firmly in the saddle, and cracking the whip at Mr. Baldwin's ears. They hope that the Abyssinian war and the intervention of the League of Nations will induce such a war fever and a turbulence of patriotic fervour in this country that the electors at the forthcoming General Election will give Mr. Baldwin a blank cheque mandate to proceed with the rearmament of Britain.

They have a master card to play in the fact that the Washington Treaty of 1922 and the London Naval Treaty of 1930, which govern the present size of the British Navy, both expire next year.

It is because the secret campaign for large-scale rearmament had its origin among the financiers, and because patriotism is now about to be politically exploited on behalf of the City, that the electors should be specially alert and cautious in their consideration of whatever reasons may be given to them to return a vote of confidence in Mr. Baldwin's Government.

MOST ingenious of the proposals which have emanated from the City, and especially from the financial sources closest to Mr. Baldwin's political high command, has been one for the flotation of a 3 per cent. Defence Loan of approximately £200,000,000. It is known that this project has already been carried so far that Treasury experts are working out the detail of a scheme based upon it.

The broad idea is that the loan would be, in effect, a permanent one, and that 10 per cent. of it—£20,000,000—should be set aside annually for the replacement of existing armaments, so that, with an interest charge of £6,000,000, the yearly burden to the nation would be £26,000,000—an Income Tax equivalent of about 6d.

At first, the bitter pill was sugared with the suggestion that the loan—which there would be no difficulty in raising, and of which financial groups in the City have offered to supply a large percentage—should be popularised by issuing it as a kind of Public Works Loan.

This pretence has been dropped. The advocates of the loan and of big-scale rearmament feel so confident that from the Government platforms they are now making not excuses but demands.

A so-called Defence Loan of this magnitude is not justified on the ground alone that the £200,000,000 would be raised long in advance of the outlays, because an adequate strengthening of the national defences must involve expenditure over a number of years.

The idea, apart altogether from the influences behind it, is also unsound in the claim of the extent to which it would relieve unemployment.

The effect on the distressed areas would be no greater with a loan of the kind than if the expenditure was met out of Budget revenue.

Another obvious argument against such a loan is that it has no social assets, such as a Housing Loan would have, which would remain of lasting benefit to the nation.

But the most important fact which citizens will have to bear in mind is that the subscription of a Defence Loan would take out of the control of Parliament for years to come its power to test and challenge annually the estimates of expenditure on armaments.

EVERY economist also knows that if Britain gives the lead in renewing armaments by loans, the example will be quickly copied all over the world.

The boom in the armaments share market has already fattened the wolves of the City. They have in the past few months gorged themselves with the profits from new aircraft flotations.

One-half of the money subscribed for that purpose has gone directly in profits to company promoters and Stock Exchange firms, and less than one-twelfth of it to finance the building of new aircraft factories or extensions to plant.

It is proper to infer that it is in consequence of a still better opportunity to profiteer in patriotism that the City of London has been secretly building up a General Election campaign fund in the interests of Mr. Baldwin's Government.

The wolves are ready to strike at the bigger prey. Peace will not best be found by looking for it with a gun of the type now being manufactured in the City of London.

Nor will the public be easily deluded by the slogan of the financial operators that the more we spend for war, the nearer we will be to peace.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Election Scandal We Don't Want Again

PREPARATIONS for the General Election will soon be in full swing. Before they are far advanced, we must ask a question of the authorities responsible for them: Who should get the election jobs?

We know the public will agree with us that the army of polling clerks which will be necessary should be recruited from the ranks of the unemployed.

At previous elections this has not been the case. The temporary but well-paid jobs were, in the great majority of instances, given to men already in employment—local officials, friends of the registration officer, and others who were not in need of money.

The Election official mustn't say: "Only the employed need apply"

Favouritism

This scandalous favouritism must not be repeated. We must see that the out-of-work applicant gets his chance.

The usual excuse, we know, is that the work demands a high degree of care, integrity and experience which few of the unemployed possess.

That is obviously the flimsiest nonsense. Now, as then, there are tens of thousands of clerks and professional men unemployed who would not only welcome the jobs but are admirably competent to carry them out.

Kicking their heels

We received scores of complaints, after the last election, from workless men who had been kept in the town hall day after day, kicking their heels in the hope of receiving a polling engagement.

Many of them, indeed, had been led to expect from the responsible officer (usually the town clerk) that they would be appointed.

At the last moment they were curtly informed that their services would not be required.

G've them a chance!

Actually, the jobs had been earmarked for official "favourites" from the first—the unemployed had merely been invited to apply in order that this scandalous dodge could be excused on the plea that "none of the unemployed were suitable."

We repeat that there is an ample number of capable candidates among the unemployed from whom the officials should make their choice. And those are the candidates who should be given the *first* chance.

Hush-hush tacties

We can't understand why the milk prices enquiry, like the electricity enquiry which we criticised last week, is being held behind closed doors.

The public will have to foot the bill whether the verdict goes in favour of farmers or distributors.

And as one of the main allegations being considered is that the consumer is charged too much, surely the facts should be available for him to hear or read?

Changing Whitehall

You will soon be reading about plans for a big new block of Government buildings in Whitehall. Facing the Cenotaph, it will run right back to the Embankment, is to cost £2,000,000, will give work to thousands of men.

If it ends some of the unhealthy conditions under which many Government staffs work, the money will be well spent.

Slum offices

For years staff leaders have been complaining of conditions that would be condemned by the Government itself if the premises were factories instead of offices.

Typists and clerks are working in underground rooms, where lights have to be kept on all day, with damp running down the walls

Other offices are thick with dust, overcrowded and with no proper washing accommodation.

Serious charges

But the Ministry of Labour needs cleaning up in more senses than one. During the past year it has made a mess of its administration.

It received a well-deserved rap over the knuckles for its cruel unemployment assistance scales. It has made no reply to our charges of victimisation.

It has evaded the solemn pledge to employ ex-Service men in preference to others, and the Minister has neglected his duty of receiving representations on grievances.

Blunder

Its latest blunder concerns the reorganisation of branch employment exchanges. Arrangements were made for taking the staff into Civil Service employment, but it was apparently forgotten that proper office accommodation would be needed in the various districts.

The result is that large expenditure is now found to be necessary with no provision having been made in the Estimates.

Will this bungling also be glossed over?

Nazi dope

Parents must see that their children are not being infected with the Nazi virus at school.

A text-book said to contain "page after page of Nazi propaganda" has been withdrawn from Manchester high schools But it is disconcerting to learn that the same book is used in other schools in large industrial areas.

By all means let us teach older children the conditions of the world to-day. But anything savouring of propaganda for any particular system should be rigorously banned.

Forcible lesson

And we hear of German students in this country who are attempting to "convert" British youngsters. At Ealing, an indignant father has thrashed one such meddler who tried to teach a fourteen-year-old girl that women were naturally inferior to men and should aim only at producing children.

Other German students, please note!

Nazi Books in Our Schools

Milk Enquiry's Locked Doors

Protest to heed

And the protest of a Normanton father against the chastising of his six-year-old child by a woman school doctor is one with which even the spartan type of parent will sympathise.

The punishment was inflicted in the mother's presence; hours later, a private doctor found weals on the child's back. All because, it is said, the doctor mistook timidity for disobedience.

The Normanton education authorities are wise in ordering a full investigation.

Startling

The Ministry of Health has received a startling report from a Welsh medical officer on "the black scourge of the mines"—silicosis. It states that the disease not only attacks the lungs, eventually causing death, but also results in heart disease and cancer.

So that death certificates may be issued which blame asthma or bronchitis for what is actually heart disease caused by silicosis.

Urgent need

Certainly this report seems to explain the growing uneasiness of coroners concerning the frequency of deaths from heart disease, asthma and bronchitis in areas where silicosis is rampant.

And certainly the whole subject urgently needs official attention. Existing regulations allow thousands of sufferers to be denied compensation, and though experts agree that the scourge could be wiped out no effort is made to do so.

Health wisdom

An excellent innovation is the scheme to keep millions of men, women and children well by physical exercise in classes costing from 2d. to 6d. a time. The plans now being worked out will cover every town and village in the country

Better health means more happiness for the individual, more prosperity for the nation. A nation-wide health campaign is certainly overdue.

Poison's breath

One of its chief attacks should be made against the demon Smoke. A chemical expert reminds us that smoke fogs increase deaths from pulmonary and heart diseases, killing not only the elderly, but the very young, increasing industrial accidents by 25 per cent.

No one doubts that the pall of foul air can largely be averted. The trouble is that no authority appears willing to tackle the problem.

The Fragrant Minute

TRUST LIFE

I LOOKED at Life with eyes of fear and Life could see I was afraid, and like a bully drew quite near, and threatening gestures made. Up went Life's fists, I flinched and paled, and with a gasp I ran away, and that is how and why I failed upon a certain day.

I looked at Life with friendly eyes. I gazed with love straight in his face. "I fear you not, I've grown more wise, to treat me with good grace. I must stay here and you with me" said I to Life, without a qualm. "You need not frown, I shall not flee, my spirit's strong and calm."

Then Life the bully laughed aloud and brought all fierceness to an end, and just because I was not cowed became a precious friend, and helped me climb a nasty hill and urged me strive in gallant style. When tired I grew and had a spill, 'twas Life that made me smile!

Wilhelmina Stitch.

"John Bull" Copyright.

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor. JOHN BULL.

Noses that see

Another expert asserts that there are thousands of primitive eyes in our skins, judging by tests with Kuda Bux, the Indian fire-walker.

Though dough is put on his eyes, surmounted by wool bound by adhesive tape, bound again by bandages, Bux can read from a book opened at random. In similar circumstances, an English girl named Dawson can describe coloured plates.

So children who sometimes think that a schoolmaster has eyes at the back of his head may be right, after all.

Silly story

But the notion that motorists have eyes to see something that doesn't exist is surely ill-founded.

Yet a driver has been charged with speeding in a restricted area that is not marked by the usual signs. The additional fact that the lampposts in the area are more than two hundred yards apart has led the A.A. to start a country-wide hunt to discover roads which are wrongly restricted.

Still, it would be ungrateful not to thank the police who brought the prosecution for the silliest traffic story of the year.

Outlawed

We have commented on the scandal of overworked lorry-drivers until we are tired. But we must tell you of a man who has worked twenty and twenty-two hours at a stretch, and even falsified his log-books at the order of his employers.

A driver with a fine record, he eventually reported his firm to the authorities, giving up his job in consequence. Now, seeking work, he asks the Ministry of Transport (which knows the facts) to assure a prospective employer of his worthiness.

Refusal

The Ministry refuses. He is told that Mr. Hore-Belisha, though sympathetic, has no power to take any action in the matter.

We see no need of special "power." The man's evidence was obviously useful to the Ministry, which could surely repay his good turn by helping him to secure a livelihood.

It seems to be a hard world for the lorry-man—in a job or out of it.

Income-tax help

Income-tax assessment notices are now being sent out. If you are not satisfied that you have obtained all the reliefs to which you are entitled, or if your personal allowance has been reduced in order to cancel some other assessment, or to make an adjustment regarding property or mortgage interest, write to JOHN BULL's Income Tax Expert so that you can be in time with your appeal.

Queries should be addressed to "Income Tax Free Advice Bureau, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2," and should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Too generous

We advise caution in dealing with a new "money-making system" brought to our notice.

The operators, who modestly hide their identity behind the title of "The Index System," with an address at Victoria Street, London, claim that it can be worked with large or small stakes and can be applied to any form of racing. A stake of £100, it is said, has resulted in a profit of £411 in two months, and methods will be revealed to anyone for the paltry sum of £10.

We think it strange that the operators do not find it more profitable to keep their system for themselves.

100,000 *Dangerous* SPIES

IT is time the farce of peace-time spying was exposed. The futility and senseless waste of espionage and counter-espionage for too long has drained the nations of countless thousands which could well be spent on useful and productive work.

And we are only just beginning to realise that sometimes this farce can turn to tragedy.

For spying, far from being little more than a favourite subject for imaginative authors, is a very real threat to the peace of the world.

To-day the nations—Britain among them—are agitated by spy fever. In Europe alone something like one hundred thousand spies—a number greater than at any time since the war—are busily at work churning up a seething cauldron of suspicion.

Nazi Germany alone employs more than 20,000 agents. Forty thousand of their fellows, of different nationalities, have been convicted and sentenced during the past fifteen years.

In a single country—Russia—during this period spies have been captured and found guilty on an average of one every six hours!

And now—*in peace time*—the secret agents are busier than ever.

Half Europe is ridden by spy-mania. Frightened peasants, fearful of foreign aggression, see in every casual visitor a potential spy. Completely innocent people are being arrested by the police, even shot at by the ignorant, with growing frequency. And—evidence of their growth in numbers—the real spies are being captured far more easily.

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Not a week passes without some individuals or a spying ring being caught and sentenced. In one week recently the London Press alone recorded the—

Arrest of an Italian at Majorca,
Conviction of a man in Italy,
Hold-up of a suspected steamer by Japanese police,
Execution of a youth in Berlin, and
Arrest of a German in Czechoslovakia.

Spying was in every case the cause; but for every spy arrested there is another ready to take his place.

Actually at the present time more spies are being arrested and sentenced in one year than during the whole fifty years from the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War to the end of the Great War in 1918.

Once espionage was an occupation for industrial misfits and men who would go anywhere for a thrill. To-day it is a highly specialised profession.

Berlin and Rome both have big training centres for their "confidential agents," where candidates must complete the most rigorous studies before they are given work of any responsibility. Russia's secret service expenditure has been increased more than ten times in as many years. France's outlay has been at least doubled. Germany now spends the colossal sum of £20,000,000 annually on "police and propaganda work abroad."

It is only possible to hazard an estimate of the sum which the British taxpayers pay every year for espionage.

Every authority admits that it runs into seven figures; yet the published provision in the national budget for secret service is only approximately £200,000 a year.

But nobody is allowed to know how even that £200,000 is spent. Parliament may not discuss it. The Auditor-General—terror of every other Government Department—is forbidden to ask one question about it. That Budget item is cloaked in mystery.

Two hundred thousand pounds is a paltry sum; but provisions in the military Estimates bring it to a much more considerable figure and items in the Naval intelligence account for further thousands. It is an open secret, too, that not a few Civil Service posts are little more than camouflage for sections of the intelligence department.

Whether it costs £200,000 or £2,000,000—what is spying worth to us?

Lydia Oswald, the German-Swiss spy recently jailed in France for espionage. She and her like breed discord between the peoples of the world

☆ ☆ ☆

Espionage in war time will never be eradicated. It is as much a part of physical conflict as bayonets and bombs. But what does a world comparatively peaceful need with spies and spying?

Half the information which agents send to their governments cannot be relied upon. Ultimately, every spy is paid "by results." That means that many of them are tempted to fake evidence; and large numbers of them do.

Once during a Labour conference at Geneva a bundle of papers, dropped in the hall, was brought to Mr. Arthur Henderson. They were the papers of a British secret service agent who had been instructed to watch the conference; and as "Uncle Arthur" quickly saw, they were completely nonsensical.

So much for espionage. Counter-espionage—the mysterious business of offsetting your neighbours' spying by more spying of your own—is just as fantastically overrated. Witness one incident just revealed in Russia.

Here a Polish spy has worked for fifteen years, taking up various positions of importance as a bona-fide Russian, and finally occupying the key post of Assistant Commissar of Agriculture for the entire Soviet Union.

That man was known throughout the Soviet hierarchy, became the husband of a Russian film star, a regular attendant at the meetings of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, the supreme authority in the U.S.S.R.

He got on so well in Russia that his secret Polish associations became distasteful to him. He was in a quandary, not knowing which of two masters to serve. And all this time the G.P.U., dreaded secret police, agents whose special duty was to stamp out espionage, regarded him as a brother.

These two examples merely prove the inefficiency of spies; a hundred other instances could be quoted to support them.

Their extravagant methods give them a completely unjustified air of importance.

☆ ☆ ☆

Camera lenses that fit into topcoat buttonholes now are commonplace. Beneath apparently innocent impressionistic sketches by amateur artists have been found fully detailed plans of military fortifications.

A suspect arrested in Metz this year was found to be carrying a fountain pen "gas gun" projecting a cartridge containing a narcotic capable of sending a man to sleep for an hour.

A German spy arrested recently in Belgium was ostensibly a travelling salesman and rode a bicycle constantly. His addiction to his bicycle attracted the attention of the authorities and one day he fell into their trap.

Travelling between two towns, he suddenly dismounted near a Belgian fort, apparently with tyre trouble. He took down his pump—and manipulated it so awkwardly that two gendarmes who had been set to follow him intervened. They were well rewarded; for the bicycle pump contained a camera capable of taking excellent photographs of the military works!

At the best spies are men of courage with accentuated nationalistic ideals. At the worst they are little more than international sneaks, selling odd scraps of information to the highest bidder.

And, good or bad, their information genuine or faked, all of them breed discord between the peoples of the world.

It is for this that the British taxpayer and his counterpart throughout the world has to pay huge sums of money, sums which moreover are increasing every year.

It isn't worth the candle. Nothing is that sets half the countryside of Europe on edge, stirs up international strife, makes increasingly difficult the work of those who are striving for peace.

Peace-time espionage is expensive, wasteful, dangerous. It is a futile game which civilised nations should long ago have banished

To curb it, finally to stamp it out, is a job that might well be undertaken by the League of Nations. And in that work our own Government should give a lead.

Addis Ababa—the

NIGHTFALL in Addis Ababa . . . a blacker night than ever before, complete darkness from dusk to dawn by order of the Emperor, not a street lamp alight, not a motor-car head-lamp illumined, not a window unblanketed.

Blacker even than the streets of London on an air raid night in the Great War.

And pitch black for the same reason. . . .

Outside the one railway station in Addis Ababa a huge bronze lion—the Lion of Abyssinia—stares ahead, nonchalantly, into the inky distance.

But not so the populace of 130,000 souls, for all the steely courage that the centuries of warriordom have put into their make-up.

For the first time there is fear in those dark, sad Ethiopian eyes. There is a hint of panic in those voices, too—those toneless voices that were never intended to express as much as surprise.

Constant threat

You'd never believe they have been a nation of warriors since the Queen of Sheba sat on their throne, to judge from the nervous agitation with which to-night they regard the skies.

For the truth is that Addis Ababa, city of braves, has become a city of dread.

Every night there is the threat that bombs from the air will fall on this capital which, whatever you may think of it as a city, represents the last word in efficiency and up-to-dateness to its people.

From the sky that the surrounding mountain-tops seem to hold up like monster pit-props an enemy more fearful than any the Ethiopian race has ever known—a winged enemy—threatens to release death in slim steel cases. Pity the people of Addis Ababa when these rain down!

It is easy to visualise the horrors of such a deluge of death.

The friendliest of moons, turning the galvanised iron roofs of the city into a sea of soft light, may at any moment prove to be Addis Ababa's betrayer, just as it used to betray London.

A few antiquated anti-aircraft guns, still fewer searchlights, can serve no more than to keep the bombing airmen from becoming too impertinent.

Mute obedience

Parliament, the Government offices, the Royal Palace, the railway station, the bronze lion himself—these are easy targets.

And as for the major portion of the town, stone-and-mud creations that are flimsy things compared with the solid stone of the more important buildings, whole areas might collapse at the very reverberations of an explosion.

And the people? They matter most. They are far too much like dumb animals to be of much help to themselves.

The children, the women, will not run if their menfolk say they mustn't. Man's word is law, even unto death, in Addis Ababa. Mutely these women and children, who should have no part in war, obey them.

In thousands of cases they will be just told to pray. They believe so much in the efficacy of prayer. And so, praying to the Christian God in Whom they have been taught to believe, they are likely to fall easy victims when the bombs are falling to kill and wound and to shake their city to ruins around them.

But these Ethiopians will never cry they will not shriek, they will not even whimper. No, not even the children, none but the youngest babies will do that.

The men who execute Addis Ababa's murderers, the officials who brand its thieves with white-hot irons, the warders in its prisons, have never heard a cry of fear in their lives.

Like dumb animals the bombed Ethiopians will die.

It is not a fine city which the Italian airmen threaten with destruction. Only Abyssinians would call it that.

With the population of Derby it is spread over the area of Paris—largely due to the amount of one-storey buildings. That may help to minimise losses, but it will make it easier to find the city among the mountains where it lies at a height of 8,000 ft.

There's no question as to which building makes the easiest target for a bombing airman.

It is the Imperial Palace, the Gibbi, standing on a hill. Gibbi, in fact, means hill.

No escape

With it would probably go the building adjoining, "Shilot," or the Court of Blood, as the final court of appeal is known.

There the Emperor himself sits on a golden throne to try the worst of the cases. There murderers are sentenced to be shot by magazine pistol in a sentry box, thieves with branding or the lash, liars with imprisonment. The death sentence is still passed there, although the present Emperor abolished it as an experiment, restoring it when there was a leap in the toll of murder.

Near by is a building from which there could be no escape from falling bombs. The prison, and what a prison!

In it, chained in, and then surrounded by barbed wire, lie prisoners who must starve to death unless their relatives feed them. Abyssinia is too impoverished to do more for its criminals.

What terror, what torture, to be incarcerated in such a place, with only sheet-iron between you and planes that drone their dirge of death overhead, nothing but flimsy walls to keep out the spraying fragments of high-explosive.

But the prison is unusually empty. Army service has been made a pathway to liberty to all prisoners but the worst. How few would fail to prefer it, now that bombs menace Addis Ababa.

Mere audience

And the bombing airmen could scarcely miss the House of Parliament. It is a Parliament building many of the smaller European countries might well envy.

Less than two years old, it is a fine stone structure that would create quite a lot of attention in London as a super dance hall, verandahed around inside to provide boxes or ordinary seating accommodation for everybody from the Emperor down to his humblest subject, and with the members sitting fanwise on what looks like an excellent dance floor.

Yet, judged as a Parliament from English standards, there is something of farce about it. Its members are merely picked to ensure an audience for the Emperor. He himself lays down what the law shall be, and they listen.

But it is Abyssinia's own Parliament. They are proud of it, and it would be a terrible moment for them if a bomb were to lay it low.

More terrible still if destruction overtook the next most modern building, the Imperial Hospital, which was bought and is maintained completely by the Emperor.

There 800 patients get the best of treatment from a medical staff controlled by a Swedish doctor. There is radiological and sunshine plant, a fine operating theatre with double windows all round, and the institution has its own independent water and light supplies.

One day the Emperor plans to double its size, again at his own expense, if it is spared by Italian bombs.

But let us wait for dawn and take a closer look at Addis Ababa—from the ground.

You will find few metalled roads, and then they are so pot-holed that the antiquated taxis which swarm in hordes have to be specially sprung.

They intended to do better with their road making, but the only steam-roller broke its roller and now lies in disrepair. Out of compliment they called a whole district of the town the "Broken Wheel."

Forgetting the roads, notice the smell of eucalyptus that pervades the air. Emperor Menelik ringed the town with eucalyptus trees, and the odour is carried over the city by all four winds of heaven.

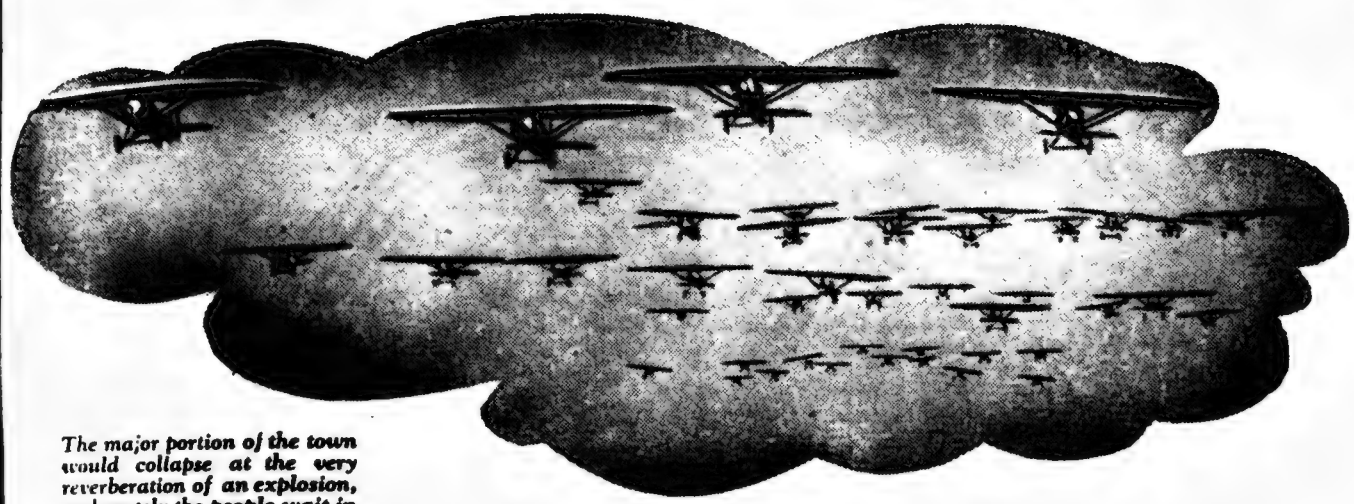
And notice, too, the entire absence of clocks. There are none to stop from chiming, or to put in darkness, as we did with ours when London and other of our towns were bombed during the Great War.

No fever

Addis Ababa takes its time from sun-dials. It is so easy when the sun always rises at 6 a.m. by our time and sinks at 7 p.m. Not that they use the same time as ourselves.

The day starts with the first fitful gleam of the sun. Two hours after dawn—eight o'clock by our time—

CITY *that* WAITS IN DREAD!



The major portion of the town would collapse at the very reverberation of an explosion, and mutely the people wait in terror of the air attack that has seemed inevitable.

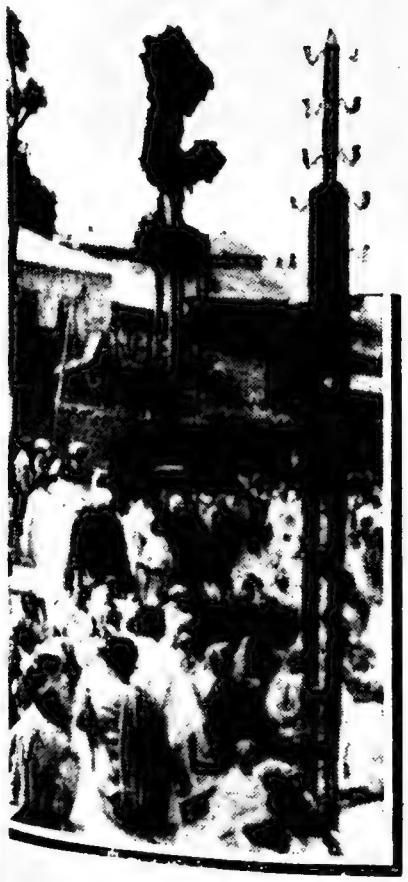
they call it two o'clock. Their midday is reached when our clocks are at 6 p.m.

You would go to Addis Ababa expecting to find it a place of sweltering heat and awful fevers—as is most of the rest of Ethiopia. You would soon learn your mistake.

Due to its height above sea-level it provides nights so cold that few Englishmen would wander abroad without an overcoat over their ordinary European suits.

Pneumonia is Addis Ababa's worst killer—not tropical fever.

The air is so rarefied that most Europeans suffer from palpitations or fainting fits, and a sprint over even a short distance is likely to produce collapse. Not a happy thought for those who will run for



shelter when the bombs are dropping.

Even so, the Europeans compelled to live in the Abyssinian capital might have been worse off. The seat of government was 3,000 ft. higher in the mountains until 1892, where none but the strongest and youngest Europeans could walk for long.

The then Empress had a palace built where Addis Ababa now stands. In time the Emperor followed her, and the whole city moved at his heels.

"The New Flower" they called the new city—Addis Ababa. And now the New Flower is the City of Dread, with the palace as its best aerial target.

One passes through three courtyards on the way to have audience with the Emperor, only to find, at length, that one's path lies between an avenue of chained lions!

The Emperor has another home five miles away, a grey-stone mansion that might be an English country house, surrounded by beautiful flowers, and getting its water from high-spouting springs.

If that were hit by a bomb it would be a personal tragedy for everybody in the city, for every one of the Emperor's subjects in Addis Ababa laid one stone in tribute to "Habet" (Little Father), as they know their ruler.

Yes, Addis Ababa has many buildings it could not afford to lose, buildings the people value just as highly as we value Westminster Abbey or the Houses of Parliament.

Two operators

There is the ugly yellow edifice known as the Ministry of Trade, huge, gloomy, and well packed with clerks, filing cupboards and adding machines.

It certainly seems busier than our own Board of Trade, judging by the hundreds of mules to be seen tethered outside at any one time, the steeds of people in trade or commerce who have come from every corner of the country to consult or be consulted by the Government.

There is the wing of the Ministry devoted to Cabinet purposes, with a throne for the Emperor at one end. That would be a loss.

Then there is the telephone exchange, staffed by two operators who look after the one hundred lines that make up the whole of Addis Ababa's telephonic communication.

Nor must one forget the Menelik School, where the Emperor delights to go, when the classrooms are empty, and sit ruminatively at an ordinary school desk with his head cupped in his hands for hours.

One sufficient

There he envisages the success of all the reforms he plans—but which he finds so hard to bring about in the face of countless difficulties—free education for all, an end to the eating of raw meat, the abolition of slavery, a modern sanitary and medical service, and so on.

Nor must one forget the Ministry of Justice, all built of mud, with large huts for the major and smaller huts for the minor cases, and magistrates always sitting. One bomb might bring all of that toppling to the ground, of such primitive construction is it.

Yet for all Abyssinia's war preparations, deferred as long as possible but made absolutely necessary at long last, there will be no arsenal to bomb.

The men who make shells and rifles, swords and knives, must work surreptitiously in dark corners of the most squalid parts of the capital.

Theirs is the work of the devil, says the Abyssinian. They call their "armament manufacturers" the Men of the Devil.

That's how they are considered in times of peace—and it makes no difference that these are days when a nation that is struggling towards the light is fighting for its very existence.

Simple needs

Be proud of your gun by all means. Glory in a bandolier-full of shining ammunition. But curse and hate the man who made his living by making it, is the paradoxical creed of the Christian Abyssinians.

War is in their bones, but they have learned to prefer peace to war—unlike many people in so-called enlightened countries.

All they ask of life in this country of theirs—where there is but one theatre, and that at a school—is the right to earn from two to four shillings a month, which is enough for their simple needs. Now they are denied even the right to earn that, and look up to the skies, not for the proverbial Manna from Heaven, but for the bombs made by the Men of the Devil.

And so in Addis Ababa history repeats itself. These are nights of deadly dread just as they were in London twenty years ago when, too often, Winged Death came with the soft moonlight!

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Out with Them!

IF you have been told repeatedly that the most valuable thing in the world is an idea, it is for one reason only. It is because it is true.

Ideas are the motive power behind every activity. Nothing is done that was not first shaped in someone's brain. The entire complex structure of modern civilisation is just concrete thought.

It is equally true that until an idea is made to work it remains just an idea: but to have the idea, and to make the idea work, are often two different things.

If you can't make an idea work, someone else may be able to do so. Ideas should always be broadcast. You never know what an idea may set going.

The history of invention and discovery is full of this sort of co-operation—one man having an idea an' another man seizing on it and making it practical and workable. And, more often than not, the originator of the idea would have been the most astonished man in the world if he could have lived to see to what his idea led.

Aeroplanes to-day are a commonplace: but they might never have existed had not the Wright Brothers in America come across a book on Gliding by a German called Lilienthal. It was Lilienthal's ideas on gliding that enabled the Wright Brothers to invent the aeroplane.

It was the ideas of an author who wrote a little book on Chemistry that helped Faraday to lay the foundations of the Science of Electricity. It was the study of a little book on Philosophy that led Watt to investigate the virtues of steam. It was an article in a French magazine that made Henry Ford decide to make motor-cars.

There are hundreds of such cases. You never know. Once an idea has been launched on the world it can perform miracles.

If you have any ideas, tell the world about them. They're the only things that keep the world moving on.

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UNITY Is Your BIG JOB

Hannen Swaffer's

Open Letter to Mr. C. R. Attlee, M.P.

(Leader of the Opposition)

DEAR CLEM ATTLEE,—When, last week, the Parliamentary Labour Party had to choose a new leader because dear old George Lansbury had resigned, they turned naturally to you because of the splendid work you did as his deputy when, a few months ago, Lansbury was laid aside after breaking his leg.

For several months you had to lead a small body of about fifty Labour M.P.s who, despised and jeered at in 1931, when they faced the largest majority any Government has ever had, were earning the respect of the House.

Lansbury had inspired them with his fervour. You, as his chief lieutenant, had also done much. For yours is a quiet, patient brain. You worked hard. You won the esteem of your comrades. So now, because of all that, you occupy the proud position of Leader of His Majesty's Opposition.

Now, my dear Clem, you have a bigger job to do than most people realise. Although leadership in the House is important, it is not all. You have now to bring about unity.

I looked on with pain at the Labour Conference at Brighton while people were told to "Get out" merely because they held a minority view about Sanctions; some as a matter of conscience, others as a matter of political policy. I myself was one, this although I held the official view.

Merely because I said "If I thought that the intolerant spirit expressed in some quarters to-day represented Labour opinion, I should leave the Party in five minutes," I was told by two very responsible members of the Labour Party, "If you feel like that, get out!"

Then, for days, I heard the phrase "Get out" used to all sorts of Socialists, people with ideals and high principles, people who have sacrificed a good deal in the hope of helping to build a better world.

Now you, my dear Clem, know, as I do, that you cannot form a great national party by allowing sectional strife or permitting anybody, whoever he may be, to dominate or to threaten.

You are now the leader of a Party which will only carry its principles into legislation when it has persuaded a majority of the nation that it is right. It can only achieve success when, cutting out all the old idea of class exclusiveness, it succeeds in convincing the black-coated workers and the great middle-class that the betterment of the poorest members of the community is their interest. It is not a class. It is the better proportion of the nation.

Battles of class have had their use in the past. They have had their place in the growth of democracy. In the end, however, ours is a battle of ideas. Our ideas must permeate all classes, so far as they can be reached and so far as they will listen.

Your motives cannot be questioned. You belong to the middle-class. Fortunate enough to have had a good education, you went to Toynbee Hall of your own volition to study the condition of the working classes. You lived among them in the East End, in modest rooms near the Commercial Road.

You made a study of the causes of poverty, and in a district where poverty was the common, ordinary, everyday thing.

Then you became Labour Mayor of Stepney.

You learn more about politics in a town council than you do in a big place of business. Captains of industry are all very well while they are in their factories. In the House of Commons they invariably fail because there they can no longer boss.

Now you are a barrister who gave up the Bar for long service at the Front. You served, indeed, on three fronts. You came back to Blighty seeking to help to make it "a land fit for heroes." And, ever since then, quietly, your work has gone on. You became Ramsay's Personal Secretary, and in turn Under-Secretary for War, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and then Postmaster-General.

In your new and bigger responsibility go on as you began. You will, I know, master the job. You will, I am sure, be patient in getting a grip of detail.

You will not get swollen-headed. You are not that sort of man.

Everybody knows, as I know, that you will be conscientious in your labours, faithful to the cause and true to the principles which have permeated your life ever since manhood.

Stress upon your Party, whenever you can, in season and out of season, that Sanctions are only one small thing; yes, that they are a small thing, indeed, even in the foreign policy of the Labour Party. They need not split the Party. Men may differ about trivialities. Men, indeed, should be allowed to differ. They are individuals, not mere cogs in a machine. Every party which is destined to move forward must consist of people who think for themselves and who, indeed, are encouraged to do so.

A Party that merely follows blindly consists of a lot of sheep. A Party that contains no honest differences of opinion would soon become static.

The minority of to-day is often the majority of to-morrow. The settled policy of the next generation is very often the policy of a man or a few men, possessed of a higher idealism than that to which the present generation can live up to.

There are Pacifists in your Party. They must be allowed freedom—freedom of expression, freedom of view. There are people of all kinds who hold minority views. This is as it should be. So long as they are united on the really big thing, what does the rest of it matter?

The big thing is the war against Poverty, the war against Greed and Ignorance. The big thing is to start building up, as soon as we can, a new world, a world of peace and happiness—yes, and a world of leisure for all.

Now, on this, the three sections of your Party—the Trade Unionists, the Co-operators and the Socialists—are in agreement. Why worry about the rest? Tell others so!

Whenever I read the Labour policy—it is the only one possessed by any Party in the land—which is not only an exposition of principles, but a matter of detail—I am surprised to remember that, largely, it is the result of working men sitting down and thinking hard, calling in expert advice, consulting the view of economists and professors and organisers and people of every class and rank and creed. . . .

Well, your job is to insist on unity, so that that policy can be carried out as soon as possible. It is well for the Labour Party that, in an emergency, it has turned to a man with a calm, quiet brain, one whose motives cannot be questioned, one whose honesty of purpose is an example to us all.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,
St. James' Palace

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—Even on your holiday travels you remembered the ex-Service men. At a Dundee sale of work of disabled soldiers, a speaker disclosed that you had sent home coloured designs of table linen which you thought they could make with advantage.

It is well that princes should have good memories when many lesser folk forget the country's debt of gratitude to those who are still bitterly paying the price of patriotism.

JOHN BULL.

Col. D. C. PART, M.F.H.,
Houghton Hall, Bedfordshire

DEAR COLONEL,—Help for the fund for the relief of those bereaved by the North Gawber mine disaster—such is the request made to a local authority of which you are a member.

Mentioning that you are a colliery director, you point out that the men may have been insured. "Gresford is a case in point," you declare, adding that no subscription would be raised for a man killed in a lorry. So the request is to be passed over.

I doubt if you'll convince the Gresford Fund subscribers that they wasted their sympathy.

JOHN BULL.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR KINGSLEY,—One of your inspectors, during the case of a bankrupt builder who failed to stamp his men's cards has said that as there were not sufficient assets to pay the last twelve months' contributions, the men will lose their health and unemployment benefits. The law that allows men to suffer for the misdeeds of their employers is utterly wrong, and you know it. Why not get it amended?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. M. MACDONELL,
Durham Rural Council

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—I trust you will succeed in gingering up your council in the matter of acquiring land for re-housing at Coxhoe. In some of the houses marked for demolition rugs have to be pushed into the roofs to keep out the rain or umbrellas hoisted. Yet rent is still being demanded!

Why not carry on the good work by advising the unfortunate tenants not to pay it?

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. W. RUNCIMAN,
President, Board of Trade

DEAR MR. RUNCIMAN,—An import duty has been put on rouge pads. So they have been rechristened rouge puffs, and thus come in free.

I suggest something is done before motor cars come to be called auto-chariots or something like that.

JOHN BULL.

Provost STRUTH,
Cupar School Committee

SIR,—Your committee is informed that children under twelve years of age are being employed in potato picking. But you aver that the children are not actually working, but helping their mothers.

Such arguments were doubtless used by opponents of the reform which prevented infants from working in mines. But the fact remains that the law is being broken, and you and your committee should not refrain from enforcing it.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. V. HUSSEY,
London

DEAR SIR,—I agree that closer attention should be paid to the mode of life of debtors.

It would help us to find out those people who exploit the bankruptcy laws to live in luxury, amass fortunes and dodge paying a penny piece in income tax.

JOHN BULL.

Manager FRANK WOMACK,
Grimsby Town Football Club

DEAR FRANK,—Motor-car driving has, you believe, a bad effect on the nerves of football players. For that reason you have stopped it so far as your team is concerned.

You surprise me! Can it be that the nervous temperaments of your men are more delicately balanced than those of cricketers, golfers or billiard players?

JOHN BULL.

Lord Justice SLESSER,
Royal Courts of Justice

MY LORD,—Speaking of the Workmen's Compensation Act, you declare that "If the intention were to provide a simple remedy, I am afraid it has failed entirely."

I am glad to hear an old criticism of mine expounded by so great an authority as yourself.

I should be more gratified, however, if I could hope that the Act would be speedily and drastically strengthened.

JOHN BULL.

ARNOLD DISTRICT COUNCIL,
Notts

SIRS,—I marvel at your impudence in charging ratepayers a shilling for access to your minutes when they want to know what business you have been transacting.

People should be encouraged to show interest in public affairs that concern them—not fined for doing so.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor B. W. DAWSON,
Loughborough

DEAR SIR,—Radmoor Park was a recreation ground before houses were built near it, yet the residents are now objecting to the cries of children using the playground equipment.

"Children bring sunshine into the world, and I don't know why people should want to drown their voices," you remark, and the council refuses to entertain the complaint.

I might also remind the grousers, who apparently forget they were once children, that cotton-wool is cheap.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. CLAUD MULLINS,
S.W. Police Court, London

DEAR MR. MULLINS,—A London policeman has had to go to Bristol to arrest a man charged with arrears of wife maintenance. The cost is over £2; you cannot check the man's defence that he is workless and penniless, so the wife gets nothing.

The Home Office committee which advised that in such cases a man should be tried in the place where he is arrested was wise and merciful.

JOHN BULL.

"So glad you have taken my advice and bought a Bush"

says Christopher Stone

NOW PLEASE DO THIS

SHARE your pleasure among your friends: have them round one evening soon to enjoy radio at its best.
You will be as pleased as Punch to hear the comments of your guests as they listen to music and song and speech coming over with really thrilling realism.
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You know how infectious enthusiasm can be in a theatre and how much everyone else's enjoyment adds to your own—well now, try the effect of this in your home. I am sure you will have a very jolly time.

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"Year in, Year out Reliability"

Is the Archbishop Right?

—YES

says A. G. Gardiner

The Archbishop of Canterbury (left) with the Bishop of Winchester at the Congress at Bournemouth

THE election that is now imminent will be dominated by the shadow of the war that darkens the world. Whatever we may think about the wisdom of spatchcocking an election into the present crisis, it will be agreed that it is not "a khaki election" of the 1900 or 1918 character.

For on the issue that Mussolini has raised by his war on Abyssinia this country is as nearly unanimous as it has ever been on a question of this magnitude. It stands solidly behind the Government in defence of the League and its Covenant.

All political Parties endorse that policy and none more emphatically than the Labour Party. All the organised Churches endorse it. All the responsible Press endorse it.

Lord Rothermere and Lord Beaverbrook, it is true, are fractically hostile, because they hate the League and love dictators, and Sir Oswald Mosley is hostile because he dreams of being a Blackshirt dictator himself.

* * *

BUT these oddities apart, the country speaks with one voice in this great matter.

It is for the League, the whole League, and nothing but the League. It sees in it the one bulwark of peace and collective security. If it goes down before the challenge of Mussolini, Europe sinks back into the barbarism of war.

But in this general agreement there is one discordant note. It comes from those who are least in sympathy with Mussolini and most in sympathy with the idea of peace and collective security.

It is the voice of the conscientious objector, the pacifist who renounces the use of force even in order to preserve peace and who therefore opposes the application of Sanctions under the League.

In the present crisis, Mr. George Lansbury is the outstanding representative of this school of thought, and in loyalty to his creed he has sacrificed his leadership of a great Party.

The doctrine he preached is that of non-resistance, and he carries it to its logical extreme. In no circumstances would he meet violence with violence. He hates Mussolini and all that he is doing in Abyssinia, but he would use no force to restrain him from doing it.

He is devoted to the League and the cause it embodies, but he would employ no punitive measures to defend it. He believes in the all-conquering power of love and good will, and holds that if we disarmed, even in the face of an armed world, the example would make so profound an impression upon mankind that it would disarm with us.

We must all respect so sincere and touching a faith, but I share the view the Archbishop of Canterbury expressed the other day at Bournemouth that the result would be anarchy.

Of course, as Dr. Lang said, if all persons acknowledged the principle of love and were amenable to its appeal, the question of the use of restraints would not arise. We could disband our armies without fear of hurt from abroad and we could dismiss our police force without fear of hurt at home.

But in the world as it is we have to reckon with people of the type of Mussolini at home and abroad—people who reject the principle of love, scorn its appeal, and act only from motives of self-will and self-interest. If no attempt were made by the State to restrain, if need be by force, those who defy the rule of law, anarchy would follow, and the very basis on which the life of the community rests would be broken.

We have seen what happened in America. There within the past few years armed gangsterism assumed such dimensions that it threatened the very existence of society. It controlled great cities, it overawed the magistracy, it terrorised and levied tribute on the trader, it became a government of the lawless underworld that would have wrecked the civilised life of the community. Only now, by the exercise of the sanctions of force, is the terror at last being got under control.

* * *

EUROPE to-day is similarly confronted with an armed gangsterism which if uncontrolled will reduce it to anarchy. If Mussolini can "get away with it," trample on all the covenants that he, in common with fifty-odd other nations, has signed, and substitute the gospel of violence for the rule of law, then there is no peace for the world and we are back to the law of the jungle.

It is true, as the Archbishop said, that peace in itself is not an ideal. It is a state which results from the achievement of ideals.

Of these, foremost are the ideals of a rule of reason, justice and law within and among nations. They are to be pursued for their own sake and in so far as they are realised peace is established. "These ideals are primary. Peace is secondary and derivative. There is therefore no intrinsic worth in mere peace if it means acquiescence in the violation of justice and the rule of law."

It is to establish those principles of justice and law among nations upon which true peace can alone rest that the League of Nations has been set up.

It is against those principles that Mussolini is in open and flagrant rebellion.

If civilised society bows to that challenge there may be peace of a sort for the moment. But it will be peace purchased at the price of a lawless world in which Force will be the only court of arbitration and Armageddon the inevitable sequel.

I can respect the extreme pacifist view, but in this case it is sacrificing the substance of peace for the shadow. It turns a blind eye to the stark realities and takes refuge in an ideal which has no relation to those realities. It confuses the administration of justice with the violation of justice, and for the sake of a pedantry of conscience becomes an ally of the wrongdoer.

* * *

IF it were to succeed, if Mussolini, thanks to its acquiescence, could show that the League and its Covenant were a thing of lath and plaster that would collapse before the onset of any brigand who chose to challenge it, European civilisation could put up its shutters and resign itself to a reign of anarchy.

Fortunately that perverse view of the sanctities of conscience has not prevailed.

The Archbishop at Bournemouth placed the duty of the Christian conscience in this great argument in clear and convincing outlines, and the Church Congress, following his lead, did not hesitate to declare that the maintenance of international justice by collective action, by force if necessary, is a Christian as well as a secular duty.

In that declaration the Congress represents the overwhelming verdict of the Christian community of all denominations upon this great matter.

SEND A SLOGAN!

ARE you a shopkeeper? If you are, have you yet entered a display for the £1,000 first prize—that must be won—in JOHN BULL'S Window Display Contest? Full details can be obtained by posting the form on page 7 at once.

If you are not a retailer, don't forget that this contest still gives you an opportunity to win a cash prize.

A prize of £100 will be paid to the sender of the best advertising slogan of not more than twelve words relating to any product featured in a display marked with the JOHN BULL Window Display Contest sign, illustrated on page 7 between October 1 and December 31. Entry forms can be obtained at any of the shops where you see this sign between now and December 31.

In addition a selection of slogans received each week will be published in JOHN BULL, and the sender of each will receive £1.

Here are the slogans selected for the week ending Friday, October 11:—

OVALTINE: *"To sleep well is good health. Take Ovaltine and have 'both.'"—Mrs. Haynes, Fontmell, Covers Road, Claygate, Surrey.*

MACLEAN'S STOMACH POWDER: *"When in pain, try Maclean."—Mr. A. D. Milton, 5, Eden Place, Aberdeen.*

Further slogans will appear next week.

"Our Greatest Industry," by Lord Luke. Page 38.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Favoured by Fate

"NOBODY loves a fat girl,"
Often in song we've been told;
Don't you take notice of *that*, girl,
You won't be left in the cold,
For there's many a man
Likes as much as he can
Obtain, in his arms to enfold!

Don't mope about and feel sad, girl,
Though you be round as a ring;
One day you'll capture a lad, girl,
If to this thought you but cling:
When the right boy you've met,
He will swear he can't get
Too much of a really good thing.

But even though assured that Cupid is just as ready to work on her behalf as on that of her less generously endowed sisters, the fat girl still feels that her fate is not a happy one, since Fashion appears to abhor rotundity as Nature does a vacuum.

In her school days, if Dr. Reginald Miller is to be believed, the fat girl is not badly off. "We hear much of the woes such girls are supposed to suffer from the taunts of their school-fellows," says Dr. Miller, "but this is quite exceptional. Usually fat girls are popular and are jolly, happy and prosperous folk."

But after leaving school the globular girl decides that she would be rather more attractive if there was rather less of her, and so tries to reduce. If she does this carefully, all is well; but a too enthusiastic effort to achieve the outline of a sylph may, according to Dr. Miller, lead to excessive emotionalism and bad temper.

Rather than risk this, the fat girl should be content with what she has, even though she feels she has too much of it. For, after all, the fashionably straight Janes of to-day may to-morrow be envying the curves and cushiony contours of their fleshy sisters.

Even now, however, there is no reason why fat girls should have a thin time any more than fat men, who resolutely decline to let jokes at their expense diminish their expanse.

"Thin people," says Sir Eric Geddes—and his views, since he is 16 stone, must unquestionably "carry weight"—"so often are the kind that fret and worry and don't sleep enough—that is why they are thin."

Very often, of course, girth breeds mirth, but stout fellows are not thin-skinned. Indeed, the majority are like Dr. Christopher Howard, who cheerfully announces: "We glory in our fat, our laughter, our good temper, our sociability, our appreciation of food, drink and company."

If you're anxious for to be famed for joviality
And a mellow mind and mirth,
You must strive to cultivate a maximum of weight
And an aldermanic girth.
If you're thin, and getting thinner, you will not enjoy your dinner
And you may not sleep a wink,
And the echoes of your laughter will not shake the topmost rafter
As you gaily quaff your drink!

But there's nothing much the matter if you're fat, and getting fatter,
So, at least, the stout declare;
Though you can't avoid the danger that you may be, by a stranger,
Mistaken for a Mayor!
But if such risks don't deter you, nor romantic yearnings stir you,
You, no doubt, will get along
Very cheerfully, deciding, notwithstanding all deriding,
That ong-bong-pong's tray bong!

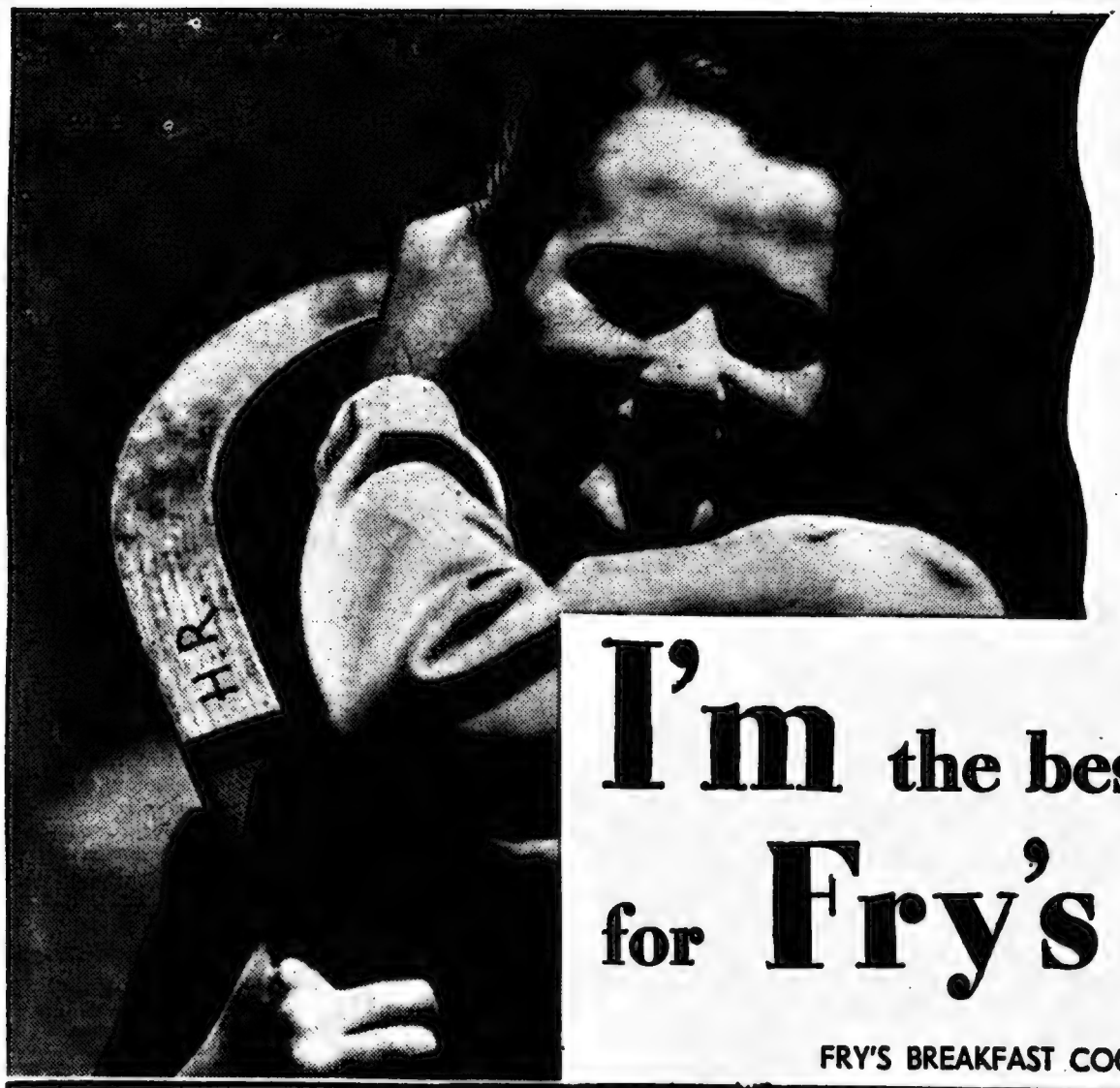
IT'S THE SHREDDING THAT MAKES SHREDDED WHEAT

Unique
AMONG BREAKFAST FOODS

● You may never have given this a thought before, but it is important to know that Shredded Wheat is the ONLY whole wheat food that is "shredded" . . . The ONLY whole wheat food that transforms Nature's precious yield into crisp, golden shreds of vital nourishment. It is the exclusive process of "shredding" the wheat grains that makes Shredded Wheat UNIQUE among Breakfast Foods. "Shredding" distributes every particle of the wheat, including the essential bran content, evenly throughout. "Shredding" gives extra lightness and aids digestibility. "Shredding" not only adds palate-appeal, but makes for all-round economy in handling. It is Nature's finest sustenance concentrated into one of the tastiest of cereals that builds up health and sustains fitness. There's no food like wheat — no wheat food like Shredded Wheat. That's why it stands alone for health-value and food-value.

You get most Food-Value in
SHREDDED WHEAT

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY LIMITED WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTFORDSHIRE



Helen wasn't always the gloriously healthy specimen of British girlhood she is to-day. But during the last twelve months she has advanced remarkably in physique, in energy, in self-reliance—and in good looks. That is since she started taking Fry's Cocoa every day, and her father declares he has never seen a clearer case of cause and effect.

Did *you* know how fine a food Fry's Cocoa is—how rich in body-building elements? And have you discovered its lovely flavour?

Daddy says
I'm the best advertisement for Fry's Cocoa

FRY'S BREAKFAST COCOA PER ½LB. NET WEIGHT 5½d.

FREE GIFT COUPONS IN EVERY TIN

CO.173.91035

Dupe of a Kinema Hoax—

The GIRL from CHICAGO!

EVERYBODY has heard of Dillinger, America's Public Enemy No. 1, for his operations became notorious the world over. But how many people have come face to face with the charming lady who was recently introduced to kinema audiences in this country as "Dillinger's Girl Friend"?

Behind her appearance here, JOHN BULL can reveal, is a truly remarkable hoax that has been perpetrated upon the British public.

And behind the hoax is a man who himself only came before the public eye by methods which now, in the light of recent events, certainly need a little sifting.

The man who took the credit for introducing "Dillinger's Girl Friend" to English kinema audiences is Mr. Gordon Fellowes, of Angell Court Road, London.

Fellowes loves publicity, but the publicity he loves is mostly of the kind he inspires himself. If we are to believe all he claims to be or to have been, he is a man who must have missed death at the hands of an assassin at least a dozen times. He is apparently indifferent to all fear and danger.

During the past four or five years Fellowes has become known to kinema and other audiences throughout this country as a former American Secret Service agent who had to face the grim job of cleaning up gangsters "over there."

Amazing claims

But most of the many "write-ups" which have appeared about him since he came to Great Britain from America have been based upon the sensational stories he himself tells about his life in combating American grafters and gangsters.

Fellowes is the author of a book called "They Took Me for a Ride." In it he describes how the American Police Force is riddled with corruption; how many of the crimes which scared the citizens of the United States were aided by official bribery, and the almost unbelievable manner in which he himself was snatched from death at the hands of gangsters who discovered that he was one of their most formidable enemies and had inveigled him into an ordeal from which few men could ever have survived.

So staggering are some of the claims Fellowes has made in this book, and elsewhere, that it is indeed a wonder that he has been spared to go on telling the tale. He says that even the great and dastardly Al Capone came to doom largely through his great services to the United States.

On one occasion he actually toured this country exhibiting a "bullet-proof" saloon car which he declared had belonged to Al Capone.

Well, his operations—as recounted by himself—were of such a dangerous character that at last Mr. Fellowes decided that Chicago was too hot for him and that England would be much safer.

Gruesome

"I am," he said recently, "one of the few men who have been taken for a ride by gangsters and lived through it."

He has also declared that he will never go back to America, as it would mean his death!

With all these things to commend him, it is obvious that, during the course of his various tours of kinemas here, at which he has spoken prologues to gangster films and delivered other addresses, he would obtain the type of publicity which appeals to him so much.

Now Fellowes is "in the news" again. JOHN BULL has a number of revelations to make about him. But we know that our publicity is of the type that he will certainly not like a bit.

And the man behind it all—Gordon Fellowes—who calls himself the gangster's terror

There is an actress in London to-day whose real name is Marcia Aiken, but who is professionally known as Marcia Marsh. She first met Fellowes at at dancing academy in June last. He offered her an engagement to broadcast gramophone records for Radio Luxembourg.

Later she discovered that she was to take part in one of the kinema prologues Fellowes has lately been putting on when films dealing with gangster life in the United States are shown.

It should be mentioned here that, on these occasions, some of the remarks he has made and the details he has unfolded with great dramatic skill have been so gruesome and objectionable that official action in certain towns has been taken to ban his performances.

One of the film shows of the type in question was a little time ago prefaced with a Fellowes prologue, in which were depicted certain events in American gangsterism.

Fellowes walked on the stage, using his great personality and oratory to the full, and, together with many sordid details in Dillinger's life, described graphically how Dillinger had been betrayed by a young woman.

At some such performances audiences were undoubtedly attracted, as others have been since, by billheads which announced that "Dillinger's Girl Friend" was making a personal appearance.

A typical case was when the curtain rose to find the stage set as an office with Gordon Fellowes seated at a table in the darkness.

Suddenly a woman shrieked, and rushed on to the stage. Simultaneously there was an inferno of shooting, gun firing . . . shouts of the startled crowds outside . . . police whistles.

The audience was naturally tensely aroused.

Then Fellowes, with "Dillinger's Girl Friend" at his side, enacted a descriptive narrative. He referred to the declaration that "Dillinger's Girl Friend" had made, whilst in America, that she would leave no stone unturned to find out all she could to run the gangsters to earth at the personal risk of her own life. She was supposed to be the girl from Chicago who had betrayed Dillinger!

The truth is that "Dillinger's Girl Friend" was no other than Marcia Marsh!

Fellowes had passed her off as the American girl whom he averred led Dillinger to his doom!

Actually, Marcia is a Londoner by birth, *and has never been to America!*

When this girl realised that she was being exploited by Fellowes, and how untrue and fantastic were some of the statements he was making, she very properly protested and ceased to feature as "Dillinger's Girl Friend" any longer.

A few days ago she had to sue him for her last week's salary, and was awarded judgment with costs!

"Sweep" hoax

Some of his remarks about America and American subjects, and official bribery and corruption, and so on, have been on certain occasions so abusive that the American Embassy has had its attention directed to them.

However true his claims to "Gangster" honours may be, people may well doubt the authenticity of some of them when he has fooled the public to such an extent as to put up an English actress to impersonate a supposedly notorious character in the reprehensible fashion we have described.

But he has done much more than that. Quite recently he caused Scotland Yard officers considerable annoyance over another "hoax" exploit, of which he was the principal exponent. We are able to give the exclusive details of this adventure, too.

During the past year or so the famous "G" men of U.S.A.—who actually hunted Dillinger to his end—have been interested in the operations in America of certain financial sharps who operated a concern called "The British War Orphans' Fund."

The ostensible object of this enterprise was to procure funds by means of a series of sweepstakes, in which heavy prizes were offered, the proceeds of which were to go to British war orphans in need.

Most of the tickets were sold, of course, in America.

The principal American detective who was placed in charge of the inquiries into the complaints which eventually arrived that no prizes were ever given is Inspector Frederick R. Mayer, of the American Federal Post Office Intelligence Service.

He had in the course of his lengthy investigations—more than £60,000 being involved—proceeded to St. Louis, New York, Montreal, Washington, when his superiors decided that it would be well for him to proceed personally to Scotland Yard to cover the London end of his inquiries. The necessary plans were concluded and Inspector Mayer arrived.

For about ten days a noted Chief Inspector of the Yard was officially working with Mayer to collect the information required here, and the latter went back to New York satisfied that the whole thing was a colossal fraud.

Wants bodyguard!

Then Fellowes came on the scene. He went from one newspaper office to another offering to sell the exclusive story that Scotland Yard had been hoaxed, and that Inspector Mayer was not an accredited American officer at all!

As the result of his impudent intervention and the subsequent inquiries made about his allegations, Scotland Yard and numerous other people were put to endless trouble.

Another of his feats was to offer an important newspaper, during the Lindbergh scandal, the "exclusive" story that he had unearthed some of the proceeds of the Lindbergh ransom in England, *and was himself taking it back to America.*

No proof could be discovered of his story at all, *and the fact that he has so often declared that he dare not go back to America because he will be shot at sight* shows how much reliance there was in that claim.

He excelled himself when, standing day after day on kinema stages during the showing of a gruesome "Lindbergh Baby Murder Film," he remarked how dreadful it was for any man to be mixed up with the case at all. "If you could have seen that poor battered body lying there . . ." he said pathetically.

Fellowes was not in America during the whole of the Lindbergh case!

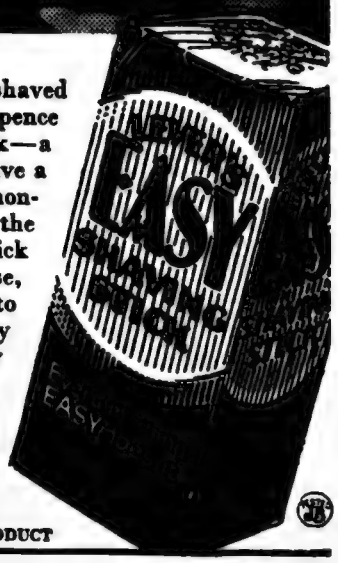
It is not surprising, in view of disclosures of this kind, that he is winning notoriety in certain quarters as a "showman" who ought to alter some of his tactics very considerably at once.

His latest story is that the gangsters are after him in this country now. So he proposes to have a bodyguard, armed with rifles, to protect him.

He could save himself this trouble by lodging with Scotland Yard proof of any fear of attack. But perhaps his contempt for the American police is similarly felt by him where our own police headquarters are concerned. We certainly know that the American Embassy are keeping a very watchful eye on him.

Which is perhaps just as well!

A man hasn't any excuse for looking half shaved because he uses ordinary soap. For only sixpence he can get a Lever's Easy Shaving Stick—a soap that's made for the job—made to give a hundred perfect shaves. The copious non-drying lather from Lever's Easy is just the help a razor needs to make shaving quick and comfortable. Makes it keen and close, too. With Lever's Easy it's no trouble to shave. And, what's more, to look properly shaved as well. See that Lever's Easy Shaving Stick is put on the next shopping list.



100 Shaves for 6d

A LEVER PRODUCT

E 247-172-58

Nobody takes Milk and Poached Eggs to the Cinema . . **Everybody** takes **THIS** → and gets the same nourishment!

★ *Laboratory analyses show that a ¼ lb. of Cadbury's 'Milk' provides as much nourishment as a glass of milk and two poached eggs on one large slice of buttered toast. Half-a-pound (weight) of fresh, full-cream milk goes into each ¼ lb. of this chocolate.*

CADBURYS

MILK CHOCOLATE • *a most delicious food*

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy and grouchy. It makes us feel no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless two pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated, and three-quarters of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't waste time and money on useless remedies. Get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the rectum in many people. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for—1/3 and 3/-.

Miles Safer!
Miles Brighter!

Miles Better!

The original dim-and-bright electric safety lamp, and most correctly shaped. None better for economy and utility. 30 hours' brilliant light from 2 pocket batteries. *Obtainable at all good-class cycle agents.*

De Luxe Model with cat's-eye top light and green side lights.

24-Page Booklet packed with interesting information every cyclist should know. Write TO-DAY—IT'S FREE! PIFCO, LTD., Shudehill, Manchester. *London Office: 150, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.*

PIFCO ELECTRIC CYCLE LAMPS

Indigestion

& FLATULENCE AFTER MEALS

Of the many digestive remedies on the market 'Milk of Magnesia' alone enjoys the unanimous endorsement of the Medical Profession throughout the world. Your own doctor will tell you that 'Milk of Magnesia' is the antacid most acceptable and beneficial to the human digestive system. Herein lies the secret of its unerring efficacy in correcting a sour, acid stomach and restoring digestive power.

Thousands of men and women after years of suffering and great expense have finally found complete relief in 'Milk of Magnesia'. Your pain and flatulence will cease with the very first dose. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' now and digest your next meal in comfort. There's a handy Tablet form, each tablet equal to a teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia'. A neat flat tin for the waistcoat pocket or lady's bag 1/-; also a family size bottle 2/-. Of all chemists.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

SINISTER *Spirit* HEALER

The Seer of Swansea Exposed

by SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

SOUTH WALES has long been the happy hunting ground of certain so-called faith-healers, evangelists and seers who often succeed in spell-binding congregations by methods which arouse hysterical enthusiasm.

My records show how real and widespread the scandal has become.

"Cures" of diseases and afflictions which have defied medical science are claimed with brazen-faced audacity. The lame are alleged to walk normally, the blind to see, and the deaf to hear.

These are among the miracles claimed by these quacks, who, under the cloak of religion, carry on their work of hoodwinking the public on the South Wales coast and in the mining towns and villages in the Rhondda Valley.

Meetings are held which are often nothing more than demonstrations of mass hysteria. In some instances there may be cases where members of the congregation suffering from nervous complaints do obtain some temporary relief, but that is all.

The "spell-binder" professes to cure almost anything at his meetings, after bouts of fervid singing — but how many cripples have found their condition improved?

Does not last

When the intoxication of fervid singing, prayer and showmanship fades away, many of those who were "healed" find that their condition has not really improved.

The cripple, who, in the unhealthy excitement of hysterical fervour, was able to walk a few steps away from his invalid chair, finds next day that his loudly boasted "cure" does not last.

I am able to say that among the latest recruits to the ranks of mountebank healers and seers is Mr. T. H. Richards, of Swansea, who in the past few months has risen from obscurity into the limelight of publicity. He makes the most fantastic claims, yet expects the public to accept him at his own valuation.

In a mission hall on the outskirts of Swansea, Richards carries on his campaign of alleged healing, and boasts openly of his successes.

Richards calls himself the "Seer of Swansea," and many members of his congregation call him "The Doctor."

It is claimed that his amazing gifts of prophecy and mental and physical healing are gradually earning for him an almost legendary reputation throughout Wales. This being so, I think it is highly desirable, in the public interest, to examine his credentials and find out how far his remarkable claims are justified in fact.

"Spirit" control

In the mission hall in Lower Oxford Street, Swansea, on Saturday evenings, Mr. T. H. Richards holds his special consultation séances. They are well attended, and there is no doubt that many trusting souls gaze upon him with something akin to awe.

While he sets out to treat sufferers of all kinds he does not lay claim to any specialised medical knowledge. Yet he asserts, oddly enough, that he is controlled by a spirit from the psychic world known as "The Doctor," and asks the public to believe that this is the spirit of an Egyptian doctor who "passed over" many years ago.

Richards, in a recent interview, was quite frank about his own lack of medical knowledge. "'The Doctor' just takes possession of me," he said with a disarming smile. "It is just natural trance control. There is nothing spectacular about my going into a trance. 'The Doctor' simply takes control and I walk among the patients in the hall diagnosing and healing—or, rather, 'The Doctor' does—it is not me."

According to Richards, "The Doctor" is a perfect wizard when he returns from the vast beyond. "He diagnoses anybody from head to foot as easy as anything," says this Seer of Swansea.

This physician from the astral plane is able, apparently, to dispense with X-ray examinations and careful body scrutinies which the ordinary doctor might employ in diagnosis. He is able, through Richards, to "diagnose from head to foot" in a flash.

Richards, I note, boasts that his control, "The Doctor," has cured clots of blood on the brain, cases of cataract, blindness and deafness.

In the circumstances, it is not surprising that a growing number of Swansea people are sceptical of Richards and his queer spirit "cures." But he is not content with these astounding claims; his "spirit" contacts go much further than that.

On Sundays the Seer of Swansea holds séances at which "The Doctor" does not appear.

Presumably he likes to rest from his week's labours, while two other spirits from the astral plane carry on the good work. These deputies are two Red Indians known as "Silver Chief" and "Red Chief," who "come through" and take possession of the obliging Mr. Richards for the benefit of his trusting congregation

"Red Chief" is a prophet who, according to Richards, foretells the future with amazing accuracy.

On a recent Sunday night "Red Chief" even foretold a motor accident in Swansea, and when the congregation left the mission hall they saw a little way down the street two cars that had met in collision!

A mistake

As the impact of this collision was audible in the hall, this particular "prophecy" was not perhaps very difficult.

In any case, I think its value seems somewhat negligible!

In other respects "Red Chief" encroaches upon the territory of Old Moore. He has even attempted to foretell events in Abyssinia, and in this connection he seems to have been sadly out in his reckoning.

In August "Red Chief" came through with the message that "All will be well in Abyssinia. It will take time, but there will be no bloodshed."

The unfortunate events in Africa have given the lie direct to "Red Chief" and to his natural trance state medium, Richards, the Seer of Swansea.

Yet quite recently, when interviewed, Richards was anxious to forget this unfortunate lapse on the part of "Red Chief," who has now veered round, apparently, to the opinion that "things in Abyssinia were going to be terrible."

No prophecy

The other astral spirit, "Silver Chief," who comes through, does not venture into the perilous fields of prophecy. According to Richards, he is just a humorist who brightens up the séances with his jollity and good spirits—a sort of psychic clown.

All this would be farcical but for the claims of Richards as a healer. On this point I really do take a firm stand.

His most dangerous activity is undoubtedly that of "diagnosing from head to foot" through his "Doctor" from the "other side," because misguided and unfortunate sufferers who submit themselves to this phantom physician may delay obtaining proper medical advice.

For this season alone I counsel the public to leave the Seer of Swansea severely alone.

Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Mutual Understanding

IN a book I read not long ago an able description was given of the clash between two points of view—that of an older generation finding itself in hopeless opposition to the aspirations of a younger.

A conservative and conscientious mother is represented as filled with horror and alarm because of what she regards as the stubbornness of her dearly loved boy in breaking away from the traditions of the family and choosing a way of life which she can never bring herself to approve.

He on his part despairs of persuading her to adapt herself to his wishes. He cannot get her to see that the old order is passing, that they must move with the times, and that there is neither virtue nor wisdom in sticking to a custom or an institution merely because it is old.

These two love each other, but they cannot understand each other, and they continue at cross purposes to the grievous affliction of both.

It is painful for them to be together and still more painful to be apart. The young man, because he is young and full of confidence in the future, feels the trouble less than his parent does. In the end it helps to kill the mother who has nothing to look forward to and loses heart and hope.

Someone to whom they are both dear tells another friend that it is deplorable. "It is inevitable," replied the friend; "and that is the saddest thing in the world."

There are parents who will read these words and feel how true they are in their own case. They have tried to do their best for their children, but somehow they seem to have lost touch with them. What they hoped for has not come to pass. The youngsters are headstrong and resent being controlled.

The frank confidence of earlier days is gone. Youth thinks it knows better than age how things should be done and is cheerily unaware of the pitfalls in its path. The elders protest in vain or mourn in silence. Between the two there is an ever-widening breach.

Many marriages go wrong from the same cause. Two people are fond of each other and yet exasperate each other all the time by their failure to understand each other.

What is the remedy that will avert disaster? Not love; the love is there already; in fact the deeper the love the greater the wounds that have to be endured.

What is wanted most is not more love but more sympathy, for unfortunately love can exist without sympathy. Of course sympathy is love, but it is love of a special kind. It is the love of one person entering the soul of another with its eyes open.

When we say of two persons that they will never understand each other we mean that they are deficient in sympathy. They could cultivate the sympathy if they would.

Sympathy at its best is what the saints call charity. By sympathy we usually mean feeling sorry for someone in trouble, but it is much more than that. The literal meaning of the word is "feeling with." If we can feel with a person we are sure to understand him; and if we understand him we can make allowance for him and like him even though we plainly see his faults. It shows us how to help him.

Sympathy opens many doors and closes none.

Whatever the pleasure
PLAYER'S
complete it

That was a gorgeous gallop . . . nothing beats a ride in the crisp air of an autumn morning . . . let's rest old Jack and Bessie, they deserve it . . . just as we deserve a Player's . . . to crown a perfect outing.

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED
10 FOR 6D

20 11

EVERY HALT CALLS FOR *Player's Please*

N.C.C.304.D.

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

Gun-Runner's BIG SHARE PLOT

WHEN a man who has achieved international notoriety as a gun-runner, and whose varied operations have from time to time brought him under the observation of several Governments, decides to enter the City of London as a financier on a large scale, it is right that some little enquiry should be made into his movements.

The man is ex-Captain Cecil Herbert Attfield, who now resides at Inverness Terrace, London, W.2, and he is anxious, apparently, from enquiries made by our Investigation Department, to discover fresh fields to conquer in his somewhat extraordinary career.

We hope we are in time to put the public on its guard against him, for some of the phases of his past—with which we shall later specifically deal—show beyond doubt that the greatest caution, to say the least, should be exercised in any project with which he is actively concerned.

It is a far cry from gun-running to share-pushing; yet this, nevertheless, is the keynote of the projects with which he has been lately concerned. But, in order to tell our story as concisely as possible, let us leave Attfield out of the picture for the time being, and deal with an aspect of the matter which will crop up again.

Strange offer

A number of financial experts in the City of London have lately been interested in the movements of certain Canadian "Investment Bankers" who obviously hold sterling opinions of the present and future values of the shares of a Canadian company named the Nova Scotia Gold Mines, Ltd.

One famous financial writer, indeed, for reasons we can now fully understand, deemed it prudent a little while ago to make public the details of a strange offer which had come to his notice concerning this company.

He told how the "Investment Bankers" in question had got in touch with a member of the London Stock Exchange and gratuitously informed him that, in order to protect his interests, they (the "Bankers") had caused to be set aside certain shares "specifically earmarked and reserved for you."

The shares turned out to be those of the Nova Scotia Gold Mines, Ltd., and so condescending was the offer that the "Bankers" had arranged that the London client could have 1,000 for half-a-crown each, *providing that he exercised his privilege immediately.*

Now, the Investigation Department of John Bull came upon Attfield's interests in share-pushing spheres in quite an interesting way.

One of our representatives became aware of the fact that certain shares were being sold to people in this country by a man staying at a well-known London hotel who has since returned to Canada.

A "good thing"

This man was in close co-operation with another person named Henry L. Bolton, who, we can now reveal, is an associate of Attfield here.

Bolton, indeed, is described as the European agent of the Nova Scotia Gold Mines Ltd.

That his name should be sufficient to sheer anybody off buying any shares in which he is interested may be gauged from the fact that he ran a business in London, in 1933, which was the subject of complaint by investors.

He has also been in jail in America for fraud, and has figured in more than one disastrous share-selling venture. At the moment Bolton is somewhere in Canada.

Information in our possession enables us to make the startling revelation that Attfield, together with a man called Miller, and a Colonel W. Ward, all became concerned with Bolton in a scheme to unload these Nova Scotia shares on English investors at the best prices that could be obtained.

They came to agreement together to form an English company for the purpose of disposing of no fewer than 500,000 of these Nova Scotia shares in the way we have indicated.

And in the written agreement signed by the three men they use the expression, specially referring alone to these shares, 500,000 ordinary shares *of no par value*, and that all profits and gains shall be divided between themselves—50 per cent. to Colonel Ward and 50 per cent. to Attfield and Miller.

From an office in Haymarket, London, S.W., they have been working, and it is clear that they are out to make a very good thing for themselves, particularly when we add that the Nova Scotia company is a small Canadian company which has never paid a dividend, and that its shares are unquoted on any stock exchange.

That Attfield is the leading light in this scheme can be taken for granted when we say that he is actually the nominee of all three parties to the agreement we have mentioned, and has undertaken to keep all concerned informed as to the progress of the sale of the shares, and as to the proper division of profits and gains immediately on receiving same.

Attfield and his colleagues clearly have planned to sell shares at the best possible prices they can get for them and share the difference with the least possible delay!

Well, if this is the sort of thing which is going to mark the entry of Captain Cecil Attfield's bow in the world of English finance the sooner publicity is drawn to his exploits the better.

Capt. Attfield is the type of financier "the City can well do without"

A few years ago he was a gun-runner, and appeared in a staggering case in which he arranged for huge consignments of arms and guns to be transported to Holland for some destination unknown.

The manner in which he and several associates worked in chartering boats and secretly buying weapons read more like a fairy tale than a true story.

After a protracted trial, Attfield and two of his colleagues in the scheme were fined £57,000 under the terms of the Customs and Inland Revenue Act.

The men could not pay the fines and were all confined in Brixton Jail. Attfield was kept there for a year, being regarded as the prime mover in the plot.

Among various exploits since then perhaps the most stupendous was when, with the aid of Miller—who is in the present scheme to sell Nova Scotia shares—he decided to drop gun-running and turn his attention to rum-running.

With very little money to begin with, Attfield and his various confidants made tremendous efforts to obtain consignments of whisky and get it across the Atlantic.

Drug-smuggling

Despite their varied plans, the whole scheme came to a disastrous end, the ship which had been chartered was seized for debt, and the whole affair ended up in the High Court, where Lord Justice Lawrence made some most scathing remarks about "this group of adventurers who embarked upon their scheme with the object of making large profits."

Last year Attfield appeared in another discreditable light.

He was arrested, after having described himself as an officer of an hussar regiment of the British Army, in Alexandria, on the charge of attempting to smuggle into Egypt two cases of drugs. These consisted of the best Stambuli hashish, and was worth twelve hundred pounds.

We need not go into the ingenious methods by which he had got so near his goal, but will confine ourselves to the fact that the prosecution officials in Cairo demanded the severest punishment, particularly as Attfield had described himself as a British officer and had named British regiments.

He was sentenced to prison for nine months and fined £150. He was deported from Egypt to Malta, where he served his sentence.

The following notice appeared in the *London Gazette* of February 26, 1934: "Captain Cecil Herbert Attfield, late of the 8th Battalion Essex Regiment, is deprived of the rank of Captain on conviction by the Civil power, 26th February, 1934."

Now, within a few months of this disgraceful episode in his career, he has been busying himself actively with this Nova Scotia Gold Mine shares proposition in the ingenious circumstances we have described.

Financial circles in the City of London can well do without men of his type.

Trap For Small Traders

DURING the past few weeks our post-bag has given us many indications that the "Block Making Ramp" is being carried on with remarkable enthusiasm by a little group of "clever" people.

Small tradespeople, or manufacturers, are usually singled out for attention.

Recently a reader at Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, received a letter from the Carlyle Publishing Co., Ltd., of Kingsway House, Kingsway, London, saying that an attempt was to be made to increase the sales of their publication.

It was stated that an article would be printed in "Town and Country News" describing the Mansfield reader's business, and that 1,000 copies would be distributed locally.

In due course a bright young man appeared, collected material for the proposed article, and then mentioned casually that as photographs would be necessary to illustrate the article blocks for this purpose would be charged for at three shillings an inch.

As the interviewer was about to leave he said: 'Would you mind signing this paper, just to show that I have interviewed you?"

The victim signed, and learned subsequently that the piece of paper was an order. Then he was staggered to receive a bill from the "Town and Country News" office for £9 19s. 6d. for blocks.

As he refused to pay he subsequently appeared at the County Court, lost his case, and had to pay, in addition, £5 8s. costs, because an order form with his signature was produced.

This is typical of the methods of the Carlyle Publishing Co., Ltd., the publishers who produce "Town and Country News" and "The Monthly Pictorial," both publications having no real circulation.

The woman manager of a West End café recently suffered in the same way. The usual write-up was proposed and agreed to, with the understanding that the cost of a block should not exceed 12s. 6d. She received a bill for £2 7s. 3d. and is now threatened with legal action.

The shock comes with the arrival of an invoice for what is to small people in business an alarming sum.

It is significant that in a recent case, when the Albany Publishing Co. sued a Derby ironmonger who had been staggered by a bill for £29 for blocks which were to illustrate an article on his business in the "Town and Country Review,' the judge promptly knocked 50 per cent. off the amount claimed.

We can only warn our readers to treat with suspicion any offers of "free" publicity of this nature.

A Disclaimer

Messrs. Hardy and Co., of 1, Rochester Street, London, S.E., fruit salesmen, have complained to us that in our article entitled "Gigantic Food Swindle" in our issue of September 21 last, mention is made of quite another firm of the same name, which might be taken to refer to them.

We desire to state in the clearest possible manner that the firm of Hardy and Co. alluded to by us is in no way connected with Hardy and Co., of 1, Rochester Street, London, S.E., and we regret any annoyance which they may have suffered through the coincidence of names.

WAR-DOPED ITALY

Will Sa... Break

by an Englishman just returned from Rome

WILL sanctions break Italy? "The answer is a lemon." Believe it or not, it is so in the case of Italy, now facing the greatest problem of her Abyssinian War—that of having economic sanctions enforced against her by the League of Nations.

Lemons in the streets of the northern cities are being sold at three lire apiece, in other words, one shilling, and this inflated price is symptomatic of economic and living conditions in the whole country.

Skilful propaganda, elaborate censorship of newspapers, subsidised broadcasts, and the world-wide publication of photographs of enthusiastic crowds and troopships covered as thick as a bee swarm with cheering soldiery, have been intended to create a picture of an Italy eager for war and glory, and in a large measure these methods of the Fascist dictatorship have succeeded.

But Italy seen from the outside through the rosy spectacles of propaganda in newspaper and on the screen is a very different Italy from that which is seen by the traveller at first hand.

Main question

The lemon may be taken as symbolic of the conditions which prevail in the Fascist State—of high prices, of the coming of scarcity. The lemon is an essential commodity in that semi-tropical climate. It grows in abundance in the island of Sicily, but the demands for the fruit of the army in Ethiopia are so great that only a bare fraction of the crop can be reserved for home consumption.

The ordinary farm and vineyard worker in this modern Fascist "paradise" earns just about 16s. a week. That means he can buy sixteen lemons for seven days' labour.

The League of Nations Assembly has moved for economic sanctions. How will they affect the issue in the crisis? Will they break Italy?

That is a question which everybody is asking. Indeed, those who know Italy from the inside have been wondering for many months now how Italy can possibly carry on without going completely bankrupt even if there had never been any mention of economic sanctions.

Notwithstanding all the efforts of Mussolini to make his country almost a self-supplying unit, Italy is still nearly wholly dependent on international trade, both to carry on her industries and a war.

There are no fewer than sixteen classes of most important minerals and raw materials which she cannot obtain from Austria or Hungary, her political allies.

And even if Germany and the United States did their best for her there would still remain five wholly essential groups of raw materials of which she would be completely deprived when her present comparatively small stocks are exhausted. These are nickel, rubber, tin, manganese and chrome ore.

Seventy per cent. of Italy's import trade and 80 per cent. of her export trade is with League countries.

There is the crux of the sanctions impositions. Italy's gold reserves are falling fast, and she can get no foreign credits, so that, even if non-League countries are willing to sell her some raw materials, she could only pay for them by being able to maintain her exports to the League nations.

The most reliable estimate—and it is, perhaps, generous—of Italy's stocks of most vital raw materials both for war and industry is that they are sufficient for three months.

Economic sanctions will have their biggest effect not on the Abyssinian battlefield, but on the Italian home-front among the civil population. If and when Italy cracks, the trouble will begin among the ordinary people.

A survey made by the International Labour Office proves that Italy's workers have already by far the lowest standard of life in all Europe.

Can the masses of the country hold out and go on to endure certain intense privation after the three months' reserves have been used up? How will they respond to drastic rationing?

Only one answer can be inferred when it is realised that the bulk of the population are already nearly at the starvation level.

Forget for a moment the pictures of cheering troops and reports of wild enthusiasm and come into the home of an ordinary factory worker in the industrial city of Milan.

It is a poor home, reached through a typical narrow, insanitary alley. It will be a long time before he or any of his kind can be moved into a better house since all building has been stopped because of the shortage of metals, and half-finished houses stand everywhere doomed to rot without roofs.

The furnishings in this workman's home are primitive. The only water supply is from a tap at the end of the court. Like most Italians the man has a considerable family. And he has to keep them and his home on a sum of less than a pound a week in English money.

Fascism instead of increasing wages has lowered them. At the same time the cost of living has soared to dizzy heights.

At the beginning of last year this same workman would have been earning 280 lire a month—£4 13s. 4d. Three months later his wages were officially reduced by 8 per cent., making his earning approximately 250 lire a month. Since then he has had to make a further contribution to income-tax, which robs him of another 8 per cent. Thus he is now entitled in a full month to about 225 lire, or under £4.

It has long been notorious that the general standard of living in Italy is very low. An Italian, especially from the south, is quite content with his macaroni, goat's flesh and lemon-juice with a little cheap wine that is reminiscent of scarlet ink. But he cannot afford with his poor wages even to buy this humble fare.

In the north the principal meat is veal and this costs 4s. and more a pound. In recent weeks butter has increased in price from 1s. 8d. per lb. to half a crown, and even then it is of poor quality, and very scarce at that.

Fish is 50 per cent. up in price, cheap, coarse kinds of fish that the poorest would disdain in Britain.

As to sugar, price and scarcity dictate that half the people go without.

Then one recent order had the effect of inflicting increases of 10 and 15 per cent. in the cost of macaroni, beans and other such prime necessities of an Italian home.

And food is not the only thing that matters. With charcoal costing a shilling for a small handbag full there are going to be some cold hearths this winter.

Nor is wool or cotton going to solve the problem of chattering teeth and trembling limbs. The army wants all that. In fact, with so much cotton used in tents, tyres, uniforms and so on and Lancashire refusing to supply a country that already could not pay for the cotton it has had—refusing long before sanctions were decided on—cotton is almost unprocurable except at prices beyond reach of the average man and woman.

Trail of ruin

It is not surprising that in many thickly populated areas there is actual starvation and, needless to say, there is much underground discontent. The more so as these wretchedly poor people are already aware that the richer folk are building up big hoards of foodstuffs, particularly tinned foods, in their cellars.

The conditions under which the working men of modern Italy have to live and struggle to-day are almost barbaric.

Banking and money restrictions were bad enough for industry, but when the Fascist Government interfered it was almost sufficient to stifle any enterprise. In the bourses of Milan, Genoa and Turin you will find business men professing Fascist sympathies (because they have to by the reign of terror) who in their hearts loathe the *régime* for all the ruin it has brought on Italian industry.

No commercial concern is permitted to make a profit of more than 6 per cent. Any extra goes to the central Treasury in Rome.

What is the result? Factories find that they cannot build up any reserves on such a low rate of profit and the consequence is that all over the industrial north—that north which is now being called on to supply war munitions—factories are falling to pieces simply because the owners have no capital to keep them in repair.

Huge deficit

It is only when a building is almost on the point of collapse that any money is granted for making the place fit to work in. This story holds good for every big industry in the country.

The banks can advance no money to their clients because they are forbidden to do so. Everything that can be spared has to go to Rome.

But each week that goes by sees the Rome Treasury sinking into a more parlous state. The fiction is maintained that Italy remains on the gold standard, although the gold cover is only £70,800,000 and it is rapidly dwindling.

Rome and Milan bankers are well aware that economic sanctions applied against Italy will reduce the value of the lira in the outside world to nothing.

Already the budget deficit is £270,000,000, and it is increasing by leaps and bounds. In fact, Italy is so short of money that she cannot afford to pay in advance the dues demanded for her troopships by the Suez Canal Company. And a day or two ago a Genoa shipping company tried to buy an old British liner, but the offer was refused because the firm could not guarantee payment even in the remote future.

Such is the state to which Italian business and banking has been reduced by the extravagant methods of Fascist rule.

Already there has been war-inflation of currency to the extent of hundreds of millions of lire, and despite the assurances of Mussolini

Skilful propaganda e... are seen throughout ... state o...

: the Hidden Truth

anctions Her?

that there would be no war profiteers in Italy, it is noticeable that one section of the community is getting richer, while the poor grow poorer.

Every intelligent man knows that the war is just a diversion to distract public attention from their miseries. Even the war is not enough, for Mussolini has just ordered more public works—new railway stations, autostrades, and the like.

While I was in Italy I talked to a leading industrialist who had been ordered to participate in a new scheme. He said, sadly, "It will be very beautiful when it is finished, but it will never be paid for. How long can such a state of things last?"

The great mass of the Italian people are quite in the dark as to what is happening at Geneva. The average man in the street has no idea that Italy has offended the finer feelings of every nation in the world and that she has scarcely a friend anywhere.

Such things are not printed in the Government Press, and foreign newspapers which give truthful accounts of what is going on at Geneva and elsewhere are severely censored or else are quite unobtainable.

In fact, in Milan station I saw only two foreign newspapers on the enormous bookstall, one a London morning newspaper which has been notorious for its advocacy of Fascism and the other an obscure French newspaper, which is said to be subsidised by the Italian propaganda ministry.

The unhappy Italian reads the Government newspapers because there are no others, and here his mind is poisoned by half-truths and scurrilous attacks on Great Britain.

Ninety-nine per cent. of the people have no real idea that an economic war with Italy is being enforced. The other 1 per cent. which is not hoodwinked by propaganda and Government broadsheets is very perturbed.

A leading Turin industrialist put the situation to me very simply. He said:

"In the matter of food, sanctions will not affect Italy, for the requirements of the ordinary peasant and citizen are very small and we can supply them ourselves to a very large extent. As for credits abroad, alas! we have very few now, for the banks of Great Britain, France and the United States will not guarantee us anything because they know we have no security.

"At the moment Holland is a financial standby for us abroad, but Holland will go with the League of Nations in withholding credit from us. As for immediate supplies of raw material, coal and steel, the Government has been laying in huge stocks—on credit—and it is not likely that there will be any shortage of war *materiel* for a long time to come. But such a state of affairs cannot go on indefinitely. Italy has no raw material of her own. When stocks are exhausted, they cannot be replaced in view of economic sanctions.

"Let us hope that things do not become worse. Presently we shall lose our export fruit, wine and vegetable markets. That means ruin for thousands."

No real facts

The viewpoint of the ordinary man can be dismissed for the most part because he is kept so much in ignorance that he has nothing on which to form an opinion.

Nevertheless, in the industrial areas if you wander down the back streets you will find expressions of opposition to the war in the form of huge chalk scrawls on the sides of houses and walls. Brave men are they who thus give vent to their thoughts, for if they are caught by the spies or *spirri* (secret police), then it is either exile to the Lipari islands or a stiff sentence in a filthy jail.

In the big *galleria*—the arcades which are so familiar in Italian cities—the demagogue has his own way. The young Fascist, generally about twenty years of age and never having had any more onerous a job than walking about in a cotton blackshirt bullying his elders, makes himself unpleasant to the foreigner, especially an Englishman.

In fact, in Rome, Milan, Turin and other big centres it is not advisable to talk English. Englishmen are not popular. Waiters will not serve you in cafés unless they are obliged to.

All round you will hear abuse of *perfide Albion* and boys and youths who badly want a shave will flaunt the latest diatribe of Mussolini's spokesman, Signor Gayda, in your face. It is most embarrassing and unpleasant, especially when one thinks of the day not twelve months ago when the English were so popular in Italian hotels and boarding-houses.

On the pavements and on the walls of the cheaper cafés are to be found inscriptions condemning the English and our Government in terms which are often indecent and always in the worst of taste.

But when it actually comes to being called to the war itself there is no great enthusiasm except among the very poorest classes and the youth who have made Fascism and the blackshirt their living.

These latter are the cheering mobs which are so regularly photographed for the benefit of the outside world. The ordinary Italian young man in a regular job naturally resents being taken from his work and sent to die in a distant part of Africa.

The unemployed classes — and there are about a million—do not view military service with such distaste. To them it means a livelihood. Italy has always been a country filled with beggars. In fact, the *lazzaroni* of Naples form quite a considerable part of the population. Many thousands of these down and-outs and unemployed have been recruited, given special bonuses and sent to Africa.

For the most part the first-class regular army of Italy with its corps of highly trained officers, mostly drawn from the old aristocratic families, are not being called on.

In fact, it is often asserted that the Government would not dare to send them to Ethiopia, firstly, because the frontier defences would be weakened, and, secondly, because it is not known for certain whether the regular forces would fight in Abyssinia with any enthusiasm.

It is also a commonplace, in circles where men still think, that the King and the Crown Prince are by no means eager on prosecuting the war, feeling that it must in the end bring disaster to Italy.

As for Mussolini, I heard it said by a very shrewd observer: "I do not think that anybody has had the courage to tell the Duce the truth for the last five years."

Below the surface there is opposition to Mussolini and the Fascist *régime* as well as the present war, but it is almost inarticulate. The reign of terror and espionage is supreme.

In the first-class restaurants and hotels of Italy prices have become prohibitive. To live comfortably at a modern luxury hotel costs between £6 and £7 a day, and so far as I could see the only persons who could afford such a tariff were commercial travellers from Germany — and Japan.

One's general impression of this Italy marching to war is that of witnessing a huge circus. The animals are the unfortunate conscripts who are being forced by ringmasters to parade in a show they know very little about.

Like a camp

The mothers, wives and sweethearts cry their eyes out as they see their menfolk away to war, for all the blather calculated to make the world believe that a Fascist wife or mother gives her man gladly.

The whole country has the appearance of an armed camp. Everywhere you go, streets, trains, cafés, hotels, are filled with soldiers and blackshirts almost to the exclusion of the civilian population.

The soldiers and blackshirt militia under orders for the front have each a £30 bonus to indulge a last fling.

In the main squares of the cities you see handsome officers of the regular army—most of them with monocles—sitting on the usual café terrace eyeing with a certain disdain the blackshirt militia forces which congregate noisily round them. The blue-coated, cocked-hatted carabinieri walk slowly and always in couples, from street to street, spurning all they see. Here is an example of professional jealousy and contempt for enthusiasms one would go far to see equalled.

Nearly all the enthusiasm comes from young hot-heads, who apparently think that wars are won by singing out of tune and making a lot of noise. Older men move about silently, but obviously full of thought. Quite a number of them remember Caporetto.

...a that pictures of mobs cheering Mussolini's war ravings ...world, but Italy seen from the inside reveals the parlous ...e country's finances and economic condition

SHE RUBBED THE DIRT IN AND WASHED HER BEAUTY OUT
JOAN, YOU'RE RUINING YOUR COMPLEXION AND HANDS WASHING THAT WAY!
BUT I HAVE TO RUB & RUB — EVEN THEN THEY DON'T LOOK CLEAN
YOU'RE ONLY RUBBING THE DIRT IN! I'LL FETCH YOU SOME OXYDOL- IT SOAKS THE DIRT OUT
DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH SUDS? LEAVE THEM TO DRAW THE DIRT OUT & COME AWAY FROM THIS STEAM
NICE TO BE ABLE JUST TO SPRINKLE IT INTO THE WATER WITHOUT ANY MESSY MIXING!
15 MINUTES LATER
THERE! HOWS THAT FOR WHITENESS? NOW POP IN YOUR PRINTS
I'M ASHAMED TO THINK OF MY DINGY WASHES NOW I'VE SEEN HOW OXYDOL MAKES THEM LOOK
A FEW WEEKS LATER
MY SKIN HAS IMPROVED NOW IT DOESN'T GET ALL THAT STEAMING. & OXYDOL'S DONE WONDERS TO MY HANDS!

Steaming ruins complexions, harsh soaps ruin hands. Oxydol saves both and gets your washing cleaner, too. Oxydol suds soaks out *all* the dirt and make your whites come dazzling, your coloureds bright as new. Because Oxydol is safe, clothes last so very much longer. Use it for washing up too—it is so kind to your hands. Big 3½d. packet and new giant 6d. size.

OXYDOL

GIVES A BIGGER TUB OF SUDS

Thomas Hedley & Co. Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

In Mid-Air..

PILOT Unconscious!

THIS story really begins on a wet afternoon in Cologne. Hans Schmidt and I were talking about air lines and air liners. Hans was telling me all about the efficiency and speed and reliability of German air transport.

German air lines, said Hans, were far ahead of any other country. They seldom had any accidents. When they did it was due to an Act of God. Hans did not seem to think the British air lines were up to much. I suggested that our pilots were very efficient, but Hans gave me a pitying look.

"Your English pilots are good—yes," he said. "But all German pilots are war pilots, too. . . . We train them for any emergency. . . . It means our air lines are run by air-force pilots instead of just commercial fliers. That's the difference."

Well, it is no good arguing with Hans. because he just gets angry.

I returned to the subject some days later, however. I had seen a report of a German air crash in an English newspaper. Three people and the pilot were reported dead.

The German newspapers had not been allowed to print the story, so I translated the paragraph to Hans. He loowed annoyed and slightly supercilious.

"You cannot trust the foreign Press," he commented drily. "They tell lies about Germany to discredit us in the eyes of the world. The Führer says so."

▣ ▣ ▣

"Listen, Hans," I said, ignoring the Führer and the wicked foreign Press. "I am going on a business trip to Breslau to-morrow—on a German air liner with a German pilot. I hope you are right, because I can't fly an aeroplane, and I shan't have a parachute in case anything does happen."

Next day I had to get up early, because the 'plane left at ten, and I had one or two things to do first. We drove out to the aerodrome, which was some miles from the city. It was a cold, wet, grey morning. Fat, sulky-looking clouds were slouching by overhead. The road was wet, and the driver got into a front-wheel skid going round a corner.

From the way my heart jumped I knew that my nerves were none too good that day. I kicked myself for not going by train.

On two previous occasions I have found "nerves" before going somewhere, or doing something, a curious premonition of ill. On one occasion I was in a motor smash in which two people were killed; in another I fell out of a boat in the Channel and had to be pulled on board again.

Well. premonition or not, I thought, I'm going by that 'plane. Even if I have to travel in the luggage cabin, flat on my stomach. I tried unsuccessfully to think of happier things until we arrived at the aerodrome, where the big liner was pulled up on the tarmac.

With one hand nervously clutching the joystick, afraid to move it in case it was the wrong way, I started to rub Fritz's temples with my free hand

There was a large crowd of Germans in the reception hall. They were talking away fourteen to the dozen, and I caught the words "Breslau Exhibition." So they were also travelling to Breslau. I counted them. They were fourteen strong, and I wondered how on earth we were all going in one machine, as it only seated that number exactly.

"Anyway," I thought, "I shall be all right. I booked two days ago. They can't have precedence over me."

With ten minutes to spare, I went to buy some chocolate. "You're busy today," I remarked to the girl.

She smiled at me. "Yes," she said. "They are putting on an extra 'plane to take the Breslau overflow. The party over there is going in the big 'plane. I expect you'll be all on your own—it's more fun that way."

Now, bitter experience has taught me that if I *do* fly it has to be in a big 'plane, or I feel decidedly out of sorts, to say the least. I did not want to arrive in Breslau, after flying a few hundred miles through a storm in a small 'plane, looking like something the sea had washed up.

I sought out an official. Yes, he informed me, the party *was* going in the big liner, and there would be no room for me. No, I could not be "squeezed in." It was *sehr streng verboten.*

What, could they divide the party in two sections? Certainly not. The party was important local Nazi officials. I should have to go by the small 'plane. It was unfortunate of course, but completely unavoidable. The Nazi officials had only decided that morning that they wished to go, and naturally they must have the best facilities. I would realise that, of course.

▣ ▣ ▣

Just as it is no good arguing with Hans, so it is useless to reason with a German official. True, the German doesn't go into hysterics and throw a fit like the French "fonctionaire." He just tells you his piece over and over again, until you collapse on the floor. So I refrained from comment, and waited for the moment when we should be told to take our seats, please.

When the time came I rose and made for the door leading to the aerodrome. A hand on my arm stopped me before I had taken three paces. It was my friend the official. "You must travel by special 'plane," he said solemnly.

The Nazis left the hall, and I heard the big liner start up and take off. In a few moments the official reappeared. "Your special 'plane is ready," he said. "Please take your seat."

By this time Premonition was work-

(Continued on page 28)

JOHN BULL ● READERS' STORIES

Quick with the kettle!

Mother has got the DROOPS

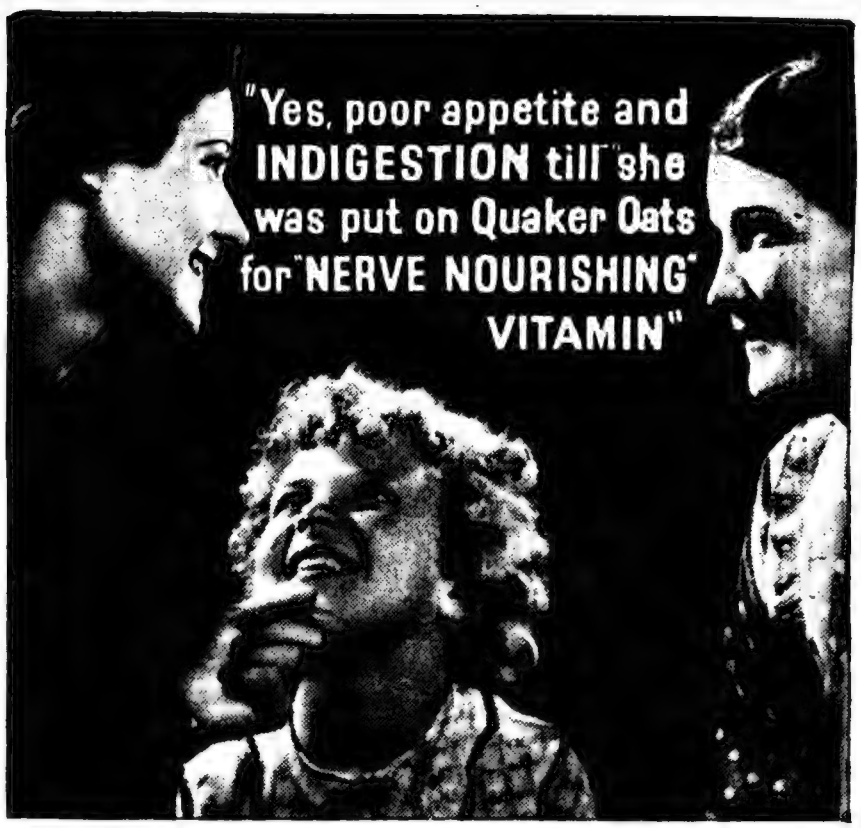
'Before reading the News,' the wireless ought to say, 'Here is one S.O.S. Will someone tell Mother that she is nodding over her knitting? She's wishing she could be whisked into bed without having to move a finger. She's got the evening Droops! ***She needs a cup of tea.'***

Tea at this time of day—when the evening begins to drag—is a comfort and a calmer. Tea, so the doctors say (and here they agree with all of us) soothes our nerves and takes the weariness out of our bodies. It blows away the cobwebs in the brain. It gives us new interest. It rounds off the sharp edges of the day, and puts us in the right mind for a lovely night's rest. Tea is a blessing and a benefit. Make it a regular ceremony—every evening, an hour or so before bedtime.

Down the 'Droops' with

TEA

says Mr. T. POTT

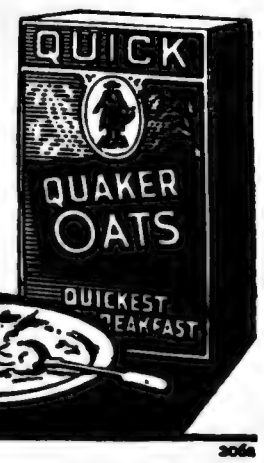


WHEN DENISE FIRST WENT TO SCHOOL TWELVE MONTHS AGO I REALLY WONDERED WHETHER SHE WAS WELL ENOUGH TO GO
I TOLD THE HEADMISTRESS ABOUT IT - NOT EATING AND BEING CONSTIPATED - AND SHE SAID, 'OH WE'LL GET HER APPETITE BACK!'
SHE TOLD ME SUCH CASES ARE GENERALLY DUE TO A LACK OF VITAMIN B - THE NERVE NOURISHING VITAMIN. HER REMEDY WAS QUAKER OATS, WHICH IS RICH IN THIS VITAMIN
WELL, WHEN I FIRST WENT TO SEE DENISE AT HALF-TERM, I HARDLY KNEW HER - SHE WAS SO WELL AND HAPPY SO NOW WE HAVE QUAKER OATS AT HOME, AND I FEEL BETTER FOR IT MYSELF
Denise's mother writes: "I have been delighted to watch the improvement in my little girl's appetite and general health since I started giving her Quaker Oats."
Mrs. A.R.B.

Doctors affirm most nervous complaints arise from lack of this precious **NERVE-NOURISHING VITAMIN.**

Nature stores this richly in delicious Quaker Oats!

Quaker Oats, besides being nourishing and delicious, is also, in a very real sense, a *vital* food. For it contains, in far greater quantities than has ever been appreciated, the all-important *nerve-nourishing* Vitamin B: lack of which in diet has been proved a direct cause of sleeplessness, indigestion, constipation—and poor appetite. A valuable contribution to the system's requirements of this essential Vitamin is supplied every morning in delicious creamy, nourishing Quaker Oats! No cold cereal warmed with hot milk can be a substitute for this splendid *cooked* breakfast. And *Quick* Quaker is the quickest way to save time and money, too! It is ready in less time than it takes to make the morning tea . . . and where else can you get so much appetising nourishment at so little cost?



40 breakfasts for 8½d

Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick *Quaker*

MADE IN CANADA—Quaker Oats Ltd., London

306a

Why Rowntree's Cocoa nourishes and strengthens as no other cocoa can

HERE'S news for you! For years you've known how enjoyable and nourishing cocoa is.

Now, after four years' research work with a great London hospital, Rowntrees have discovered a new pre-digestion process that makes cocoa better than ever! Without adding or taking anything away, this discovery makes Rowntree's Cocoa more nourishing than ordinary cocoa—more body-strengthening—better for the digestion than any cocoa ever made before. With Rowntree's your whole family will get more good from their meals. No change in price.

FAMCUS SCIENTIST EXPLAINS

This newly discovered pre-digestion process makes Rowntree's Cocoa better in these five ways:

1. *Rowntree's Cocoa digests more easily than ordinary cocoa.*
2. *Helps your stomach to digest meals better.*
3. *Is more strengthening for certain vital parts of the body than ordinary cocoa.*
4. *Makes even milk twice as digestible.*
5. *Guards against digestive trouble and stomach acidity.*

FREE—Real Boy's Football!

Only one of hundreds of valuable Free Gifts to be had in exchange for Rowntree's Cocoa Coupons. Send a postcard (postage 1d) to Dept. CE4, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for Free Gift Booklet. Free Gift Coupons in every tin.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

HELPS DIGESTION

Continuing: IN MID-AIR—PILOT UNCONSCIOUS!

A NOVICE *in* CONTROL!

ing overtime. I felt quite certain something was going to happen. On the tarmac stood a small aeroplane. I was escorted up to it and ceremoniously shown in. I felt rather like a recaptured convict.

"You will be alone with the pilot," the official informed me. "You will not be late in arrival, as this machine is faster than the liner, and will probably catch it up."

Settling down in my seat, I tried not to think of the account in the English newspaper about the crash. I saw my luggage stowed safely in the back, and the pilot revved up the engine. The blocks were pulled away, the machine began to bump over the ground—we were off.

The cabin was almost uninsulated from the engine, which was in the nose of the machine, and the noise was deafening.

The weather was frightful. The higher we went the worse it seemed to become. Rain swept against the windows of the 'plane in torrents.

Every now and then the machine dropped like a stone It was like being in one of those very express lifts, which seem to thrust your stomach up your throat.

The pilot, who looked like the wartime drawings of "Fritz," seemed none too happy about the weather. He was trying to rise above the storm.

▣ ▣ ▣

But the higher we rose the darker it got, and the more the 'plane seemed to be trying to turn itself into an express lift. I began to think about comfortable railway carriages. A nice bit of firm ground would have made me ever so happy at that moment!

It was impossible to read, for the machine was falling about all over the place, and anyway it was too dark. I tried looking out of the window, but all I could see was a sort of grey fog.

While I was trying to peer through the Stygian gloom I suddenly felt the 'plane lurch forward. I shot forward on to the back of the seat in front, recovered myself, and glanced at the pilot to see what the devil he was up to.

To my horror I saw that he had fallen forward in a heap over the "steering wheel," with his arms hanging limply by his sides!

The machine was doing all sorts of peculiar things, shaking and quivering, dipping and recovering itself again, like a drunken man.

Seizing the back of the seat in front for safety, I dragged myself to a standing position and staggered to the pilot's seat. Unfortunately this upset the balance of the 'plane completely. My extra weight in front made it dip violently in front, and we began a beautiful downward dive.

I shook the pilot by the shoulder. The machine was descending at a terrific speed. I hadn't the faintest idea how much farther we had to go before we hit something, or something hit us.

Then I grabbed the joystick, which was shuddering about between Fritz's knees. How I managed it, goodness only knows, but by pushing and pulling I gradually got the 'plane back on to a fairly level keel. The engine was still running perfectly, and I knew that unless we began diving again were moderately safe.

Next I set to work on the pilot. The first thing I noticed was that he was still breathing. With one hand nervously clutching the joystick, afraid to move it either way lest it was the wrong way, I started to rub Fritz's temples with my free hand.

He showed no signs of life, however, except breathing, and I almost rubbed the skin off his head in my efforts to bring him round.

I tried to loosen his collar, but I found it impossible to hold his limp body so that I could loosen his collar without letting go of the joystick. By accident I did so for a second, and the effect was terrifying.

The machine went quite mad for a moment. It kicked and tossed and rocked about, the joystick and rudder bar rattling about like fury. I grabbed it again hastily, and the 'plane instantly behaved itself, just as if nothing had happened.

It seems quite funny now, but I didn't see the joke at the time. I had been rubbing Fritz's temples for at least five minutes, and I could see that only shock or stimulant would bring him round now. How on earth was I to provide either?

All of a sudden I had an idea. By an almost superhuman effort I managed to push open the window, at the same time manipulating the joystick.

A terrific stream of air and rain shot through the window. Gradually, inch by inch, I lifted Fritz's head into the stream of icy air and water. I held it there until I thought I should faint myself, for Fritz was no fairy.

Then, slowly, he opened his eyes. Suddenly my never-very-good German became amazingly fluent. In a second I had explained to him exactly what had happened from the time he took his little nap.

Fritz gazed at me rather dubiously for a few moments. Then he rubbed his eyes and sat up. "Himmeldonnerwetter," he exclaimed, and grabbed the joystick from my quavering grasp. "We are only a hundred feet above the ground," he added, and started to climb as fast as he could.

▣ ▣ ▣

"Please, you must land as soon as possible," I pleaded. "I do not feel well." Actually I felt quite well, apart from a hollow feeling where my stomach should have been. But I was afraid Fritz might feel off-colour again, and we might be only a hundred feet off the ground when it happened.

"I will land at the nearest emergency landing ground," he replied, much to my relief, and a quarter of an hour later we descended on to a field—I finished my journey by train.

This story has a postscript. When I got back to Cologne I mentioned my adventure to one of the English newspaper correspondents. Three days later I saw in the paper an accurate account of the incident. The same day I met Hans.

"Look, Hans," I said, and showed him the newspaper.

He read it slowly. "A most improbable tale," he said. "German pilots do not faint at the stick. I told you these foreign papers are grossly inaccurate."

Compassion

"The Greatest of These—"

"COMPASSION is the outcome of sympathy, which again is the capacity of feeling tenderly with our fellow-beings. Compassion should not be merely an inactive state of mind, but should issue in practical works of kindness and helpfulness; it does not proceed from an interested motive, but from an unselfish sense of comradeship with others.

"It expects no reward but the happiness of knowing that it has done well and brought relief from pain or given joy. The active life of our Lord is full of it."

We quote the above paragraph from a recent copy of the *Times Weekly Edition*, because it aptly illustrates the spirit of those of our readers who support our fund by over and over again responding to our special appeals on helping the general fund.

If we had room to quote the letters of thanks from families so helped, our readers would see how they have really brought "relief from pain" and "given joy." Here is a letter from John's father:

"I am writing on behalf of my wife, myself and family to thank you very much for your kindness in making the appeal for us, as it has been a great load off my mind, and will you thank one and all who sent the money for me? Also will you thank the lady who sent the parcel of babies' clothes?"

"Many thanks," writes another ex-Service man who received a grant from the general fund, "for money received this morning, which was a godsend. I hope some day to be in a position to help your fund."

Another ex-Service dad says in his letter: "The boys are very pleased because they got a new shirt. I wish you could have seen their faces. It was ever so good to see them laughing."

Because out of our general fund we are called upon to help so many despairing ex-Service fathers, we are not making an appeal this week for a particular family, but for donations to help us to bring relief from pain and a little joy to families on our waiting list.

Here are a few of the hardships we try to alleviate from our general fund:

An ex-Service man who numbers amongst his family of youngsters a child who is partially blind, and another who is a cripple Heart trouble and bronchitis have kept him out of work for two and a half years, and he is reduced to 29s. 6d. a week on which to support his family.

Another unemployed ex-Service man has a son aged twenty who is unable to work on account of heart trouble, and a daughter aged thirteen suffering from rheumatism, as well as two younger children. All he has is 23s. a week. His wife is unfit for work since undergoing an operation three years ago.

We have no space to quote more, but may we remind our readers that "Inasmuch as we bring help to one of the humblest of the brethren of Christ we give it to Him"?

Donations for the general fund should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Race with "Silver Ring"

A Long Shot

HAVE I a spite against favourites for the big racing events? This is the question addressed to me by a correspondent who has noted that seldom do I tip a favourite for races of the stellar type.

Well, I leave the favourite alone for two reasons which I regard as excellent:

(1) They seldom win.

(2) The odds are cramped.

Bahram (Derby and St. Leger), Windsor Lad (Eclipse Stakes) and Tiberius (Goodwood Cup) deserve a vote of thanks this season. In the important handicaps there is a long tale of woe.

From Lincoln, in March, to Goodwood, at the end of July, I can point only to Montrose, who was a 7 to 2 favourite when he won the City and Suburban.

Priok (66 to 1), Quashed (33 to 1) Theio (33 to 1), Canteener (20 to 1) Moneybox (100 to 6), are a few names of big winners which I have picked out at random. No wonder layers run around in Rolls-Royces!

The man in the street who likes a modest flutter is advised to let the fancied horses run for the books and go for a good each-way wager.

My extreme Cambridgeshire long-shot is Boethius.

Some bright sport will be presented at lovely Lingfield this week-end. I like the look of Merry Maid for the Lingfield Handicap. Mansour should be noted for the October Nursery and Gynerium for the Non-Stayers' Plate.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, October 17, to Wednesday, October 23.

F O A P U X Z Q C 93 B 94 M R 98 T G S K V Y 97 L H J I 95 E D W N 96

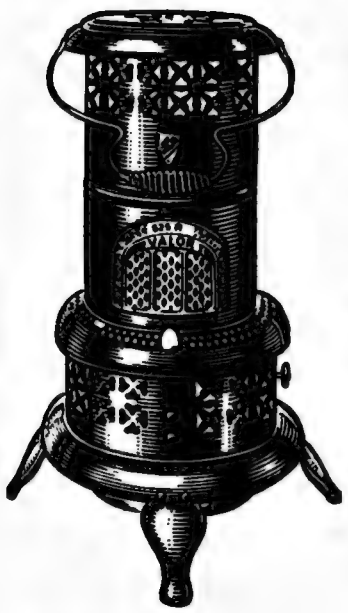
In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

OVKM94 would read SPADE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. VK9695KZ2 would read PATBALL.

VALOR Portable Heater

is always ready *to banish cold zones —anywhere*



Cold, damp rooms are the cause of chills, coughs, rheumatic pains. An easy inexpensive way to banish cold zones, and to keep every corner of the home cosily warm and dry, is to use a Valor Oil Heater. Easily carried from room to room, it burns for hours without attention. No smoke, no smell, no fumes. Saves the expense and labour of coal fires. British made—and the most popular home heater in the world. Get one to-day—but be sure to look for the Valor Shield, your guarantee of quality.

PRICES FROM 13/6 No. 525R: Large black model, as illustrated **21/-**

Ask your dealer for illustrated price list of all models.

VALOR OIL HEATERS

Manufactured by the Valor Co. Ltd. (Registered Proprietors), Birmingham

V.H.10

Wholesale Distributors:—ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL CO. LTD. *Branches Everywhere.*

For best results always use pure white ROYAL DAYLIGHT OIL & VALOR WICKS

Preparing to be a Beautiful Lady

Solemn little Shirley. She has been told to look for the dicky bird but you can see that she doesn't really believe in it. In fact the whole business of keeping still and being photographed is rather a bore. Just as those ladies are bores who hold her at arm's length and say "Oh, Shirley—what wouldn't I give for a complexion like yours!" Who cares about complexions when there are éclairs for tea? Shirley doesn't even know what "complexion" means. But when she does begin to look critically in her mirror she will have no reason to be displeased. Her complexion will still be the envy of her friends just as her Mother's is now. For her Mother owes her perfect skin to Pears, and Pears, the pure soap, and clear water are just as surely preparing Shirley to be a beautiful lady.

PEARS

GOLDEN GLORY

SIXPENCE A CAKE (U.K. only)

GG.290/364

An attractive study of Jessie Matthews taken after the completion of her latest film, "First a Girl."

JESSIE MATTHEWS'

Beauty Secret

Miss Jessie Matthews, the famous Gaumont British Film Star, writes:—"During long days and late nights rehearsing, I have found Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream invaluable for keeping a nice complexion. It clings perfectly without clogging and maintains a lasting, lovely finish. It seems to me such an excellent idea to have combined the powder and cream in one, and the mirror in the bottom of the jar is a real inspiration."

Every Jar is fitted with a dainty mirror. In popular shades everywhere.

1/-

Potter & Moore's BLUSH CREAM is the new ideal Cream rouge for use in combination with Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream. You really must try them both. Apply the Cream rouge first and you will be amazed at the perfect results. The Blush Cream is sold in dainty glass containers for sixpence everywhere.

Potter & Moore's
MITCHAM LAVENDER
POWDER-CREAM

There's good, better and—A.G.

Your own make are best, but best of all are the smokes you roll in A.G.—the *thinner*, pure papers. You get richer smokes, the real flavour of your tobacco—and cooler smokes because A.G. are chemical-free. A.G. are easier to roll, too—they're crisper and strong.

Insist on A.G.—and pick the packet you prefer.

Fits all machines and gives best results.

AG PAPERS
Now packed in 2 styles

THE NEW AUTOMATIC PACK
COSTS NO MORE

ASHAMED of his Wife

The husband who is so ashamed of his wife that he can only bully her, and leave her at home while he goes out for entertainment, should be taught that his wife is not dependent solely on him for happiness

MARRIAGE can never mean the same to a man as to a woman. To a man it is but one of the interests of life—to a woman it is often the only one. As Byron says, "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence."

If, alas! the marriage should go wrong the husband has his work, his club, his recreations. But the wife has built her life round her home and there is often no second string.

If she has children she will endure cruelty and injustice for their sakes. And if she should covet freedom she knows it can only be purchased at a price which she will seldom pay.

Many a man trades on that fact. Here is one who has been doing so for years. His wife writes:

I have been married ten years to a man whose station in life was above mine and in consequence he is ashamed of me. I am now thirty and he is nearly twenty years older and we have two children, whom I love dearly.

I am not bad mannered and try my best to keep my home decently, but he does not appreciate anything I do. Sometimes he sulks for weeks at a time; at other times, without any real reason, he will fly into a temper and tell me to quit. He never takes me out from one year's end to another, and life has become such a lonesome thing.

I feel that a separation would be the best way out, but then I remember the children. I have no right to deprive them of their father, and I should always reproach myself if I did. If you can suggest some solution I should be most grateful.

Now, in the eyes of the law, marriage is a contract between two people. If a person breaks a civil contract he can be sued in a court of law. Even in a breach of promise case heavy damages can be awarded.

And yet, in a marriage, where the relationship is the closest on earth, one of the parties can break his bond with impunity.

Take this man. Ashamed of his wife . . . has alternating bouts of sulks and temper . . . never takes her out. How can those things be reconciled with his vow "to love and to cherish"?

YET if this woman wanted her freedom I doubt if on this evidence she could obtain it. There has apparently been no act of physical cruelty and there is no suggestion that he does not maintain both her and her children.

But even if a separation order were possible, my correspondent would not wish it. "I remember the children," she says. "I have no right to deprive them of their father." But neither has she any right to submit to the treatment she has been receiving.

I imagine her husband is a bit of a bully. And unwittingly my correspondent may have made him one. More often than not people take us at our own valuation. She has probably adopted the attitude that she is not and never will be her husband's equal, until he has come to treat her as something inferior.

This attitude she should alter, gradually but surely. Let her remember that her husband preferred her, irrespective of station, when he married her. And she should assert her rights and take her place as an equal.

It might help matters if she could form some outside interests. It would certainly relieve her loneliness. Can she not join a women's institute or townswomen's guild? In that way she would soon make friends.

In the meantime, through all this domestic trouble, my correspondent has one consolation—the love of her two children. Though she may be going through hard times now, I hope that, first of all, her husband will show a more reasonable attitude and that, secondly, she will be recompensed by her children when they grow older.

"I feel I have tasted the bitterness of death these last few weeks." That is the heart-cry of another woman. Here is her letter in full:

After being happily married for nearly eleven years, with two daughters aged four and nine, life has recently become a very wretched affair. My husband, since his position improved, seems to have developed a dual personality. Sometimes he is his own loving self, a real family man; then the slightest difference of opinion causes him to fly into a passion and tell me to get out.

Two months ago, in the presence of two old friends, and though late at night, he used physical violence in an effort to put me out. About a week of sulks followed before he grudgingly apologised and we eventually made it up.

Now he goes out every night to the local "pub" and about once a week he has these bouts when he tells me to go. After such frequent insults, my pride urges me to take him at his word, but I must study two old people, his mother and mine, who are both widows and who have already had lives filled with sadness.

Now he tells me he is going to London for a holiday, but that I must stay at home. This is the worst blow of all, as we have always had such happy times together, and I'm sure our friends will be puzzled. It is very humiliating, although I feel sure there is not, nor ever has there been, another woman.

Please, Mr. Inman, advise me what I ought to do. I feel I have tasted the bitterness of death these last few weeks. I'm afraid I still love him and when his better self is uppermost he tells me he still loves me.

THIS man seems fond of telling his wife to "get out." But why, in the name of goodness, should she do so? What has she done to make her leave her home and children? That suggestion should be treated with the contempt it deserves.

My correspondent's main concern, however, is to discover what has caused this change in her husband. His conduct is certainly strange after eleven years of happy married life.

In my opinion, there are only two reasons to account for it. I'm told that he has altered since his position improved. It may be that success has gone to his head.

But that would scarcely explain his "dual personality." Here he is telling his wife one minute that he loves her and the next using physical violence to force her from the house. This seems to indicate that he has developed some mental kink. I am not suggesting anything of a serious character, but just a phase through which many people pass at various times in their lives.

If I were my correspondent I should be inclined to raise no objection to his going to London alone. Absence from her, the children and the home may do him good. He may come back more like he used to be. But whilst he is away I think she should take the opportunity of having a chat with her doctor. I think he may suggest some remedy for those bouts of temper.

AND marriage has not proved to be a "life of sunshine" to my next correspondent. Her letter says:

Some years ago my husband, through his own reckless folly, lost a very good position and incidentally my own love and respect. My friends and relatives advised me to leave him to wallow in the mud in which he had landed himself, but I felt I could not kick him when he was down and out, so I stuck to my guns, and a very rough time we've gone through.

My little girl, whom we both dearly love, has been my lodestar and she loves us both equally well. She was too young to understand at the time of our downfall, and thinks there is nobody like her daddy.

Now my husband has received a very good offer, which means moving up North, and I don't know whether to go or not. I am now middle-aged and don't feel I can start afresh in a strange town.

On the other hand, my husband wishes us to join him as soon as ever he has found suitable quarters for us. We get on very well together now, and I honestly feel he will do his best to wipe out the past, yet my confidence in him was so badly shattered that I feel uneasy and undecided what to do for the best. Will you be good enough to give me your advice on the matter?

I agree with my correspondent. Once confidence in a person has been badly shattered it takes a great deal to restore it. But I have known cases where the giving of a "second chance" has been well worth while. And I really think this may be one of them.

At heart his wife does, too, for she says, "I honestly feel he will do his best to wipe out the past." The fact that he wants her to join him as soon as possible is, in my opinion, proof of his good intentions.

Amidst new surroundings it will be easier to forget the painful memories of the past. And that will offer better prospects of future happiness for this woman and "the little girl whom they both dearly love."

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

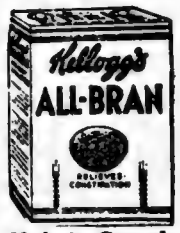
Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

by PHILIP INMAN

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Once she used to be dull and depressed. Now her cheery smile and high spirits make her welcome everywhere. And the reason is—she keeps *regular*. Not by taking drugs or pills. Not she! Her secret is two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily.

How simple and pleasant it is to keep free from constipation the ALL-BRAN way! Just two tablespoonfuls of this delicious cereal daily with cold milk or cream. No cooking required. For Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies the exercise your intestines need—and purifies the blood as well. All grocers sell ALL-BRAN.

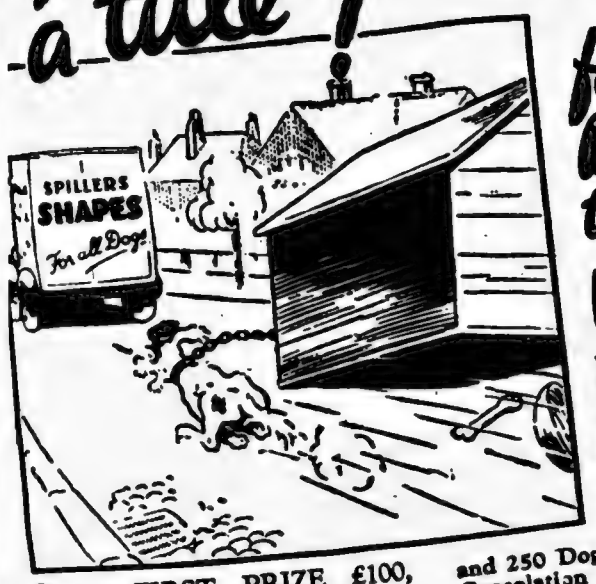


Made in Canada
9d. per packet
(Not I.F.S.)

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
the gentle, natural way to relieve
CONSTIPATION
827

Give it a title!

£260
IN CASH PRIZES



for the Best Titles to this picture—

How would you describe this dog's irrepressible eagerness for his SHAPES? For the snappiest titles to the picture £260 in Cash Prizes is offered—

- FIRST PRIZE £100,
- SECOND PRIZE £50,
- THIRD PRIZE £25,

and 250 Dog Licences as special Consolation Prizes. Ask your dealer, or write to Spillers Limited, for an Entry Form containing full particulars. Enter and win one of the BIG CASH PRIZES.

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FOR ALL DOGS
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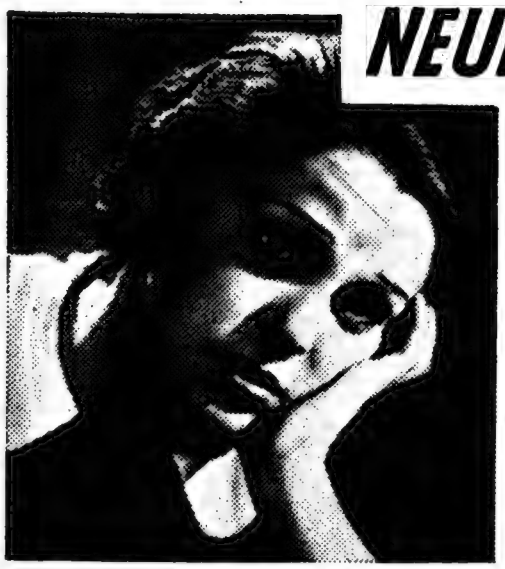
THE TIREDNESS THAT KEEPS WOMEN LONELY

NEURO-PENIA
(*underfed nerves*)



WORN OUT—NO SPARKLE ★ It all happened after I'd been down with Bronchitis. It seemed to have taken all the life out of me. Dreadful feeling of emptiness and tiredness. Too worn out to have any sparkle in company. Couldn't face meeting people. Lost touch with most of my friends.

AFRAID PEOPLE THOUGHT ME DULL ★ I was afraid people thought me dull. Then an older woman spoke frankly to me. "This depression and tiredness is sheer nerves," she said. "Why not take Hall's Wine? It's specially prepared to prevent that nervous tiredness."

TOO TIRED TO ACCEPT INVITATIONS ★ Even when anyone did invite me out, felt too tired to accept. Got depressed and jumpy. Read in the paper about burglars in the neighbourhood. Sat at home in the evenings lonely and shaking all over.

HOSTS OF NEW FRIENDS NOW. I tried Hall's Wine next day. Tasted delicious—not a bit like medicine. Started taking it 3 times a day and was soon much stronger. Not only stronger — much more cheerful and sure of myself. Never got "hot and bothered" in company, like I used to. Hosts of new friends now. Never going to get into that tired, worried state again.

NEUROPENIA EXPLAINED. After illness or overwork the tiny granules of Nissl that feed your nerves are all pale and shrivelled up. You feel jumpy and desperately tired. This is known as Neuropenia (or underfed nerves). Hall's Wine is specially prepared for this condition, from the formula of a well-known doctor. It pours quick new strength into your famished nerve cells within 30 seconds after taking. It has a quick strengthening effect no other tonic has.

★ ALL symptoms related above are typical of "Neuropenia" as shown by the records of a leading medical psychologist, based on hundreds of cases at a London hospital.

ARE YOU CONVALESCING QUICKLY? After Influenza or any serious illness your nerves are weak, and you feel dreadfully tired. For quick Convalescence hundreds of nurses and doctors advise Hall's Wine 3 times a day. From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Price 5/6. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3 (Proprietors also of the famous Keystone Wines).

HALL'S WINE
STRENGTHENS YOU if Tired, Weak or Run-Down

Rub colds away
WITH THE NEW
Mistol Rub

Mistol Rub quickly relieves chest colds. Its new scientific base permits the soothing medicaments to get to work immediately — loosening up chest congestion, making breathing easier, and healing inflamed membranes. Harmless and clean to use, Mistol Rub is ideal for children.

TWO SIZES
1/- and 1/9

FOR HEAD COLDS, OF COURSE USE
Mistol Drops

Women of the Abyssinian Red Cross rolling bandages, watched by the Empress.

The CRY *from the Battle-Front*

SUFFERINGS which surpass in horror anything known in modern warfare are being endured by the wounded in Abyssinia. The appalling conditions prevailing are due to a lack of organised medical services.

By comparison, the care and attention the sick and wounded received in the Great War was civilised. Even trivial casualties which then meant nothing more serious than hospital for two or three weeks and back again to the fighting line, mean in Abyssinia to-day—death! But not from the wounds themselves.

In the north, in the district around Adowa, when the army moves after an encounter, the wounded, unless they are well enough to walk, have to be abandoned. Nothing else can be done.

There are no means of carrying them —no field ambulances, no stretchers, nobody to staunch a wound, or put on a dressing or even give them a drink of water. They lie during the day tortured by the sun and tormented by flies and mosquitoes, and at night are torn to pieces by hyenas.

No defence

Those lucky enough to manage to crawl away into a native hut somewhere quickly become infected and die of typhus. In the south, in the Ogaden district, there is the added menace of the tsetse fly and there is malaria. Against poison gas there is no defence whatever.

To try to do something to relieve this suffering the "British Ambulance Service in Abyssinia" has been formed, and the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mr. George Lansbury have launched an appeal for funds.

This ambulance service is the skeleton of a Red Cross service. It is recognised by the British Government and by the Ethiopian Government, and is working in consultation with the International Red Cross at Geneva.

Mr. John Melly, F.R.C.S., is responsible for organising it. This young surgeon, who returned to England from Abyssinia three months ago, said to a JOHN BULL representative: "I had been working in Addis Ababa for some time on a scheme for a hospital where young doctors might be trained. But, of course, when this war was in the air it had to be abandoned.

"At the Emperor's wish I came to England in July to try to get help to establish a Red Cross unit. It is not more than three or four months since the Abyssinians started to form a Red Cross. Before that they had nothing at all. At the same time they applied for membership of the International Red Cross. Both steps were necessary before they could ask the International Red Cross for help.

Lack of funds

"The Emperor has, I believe, asked for £50,000 from the International Red Cross and for doctors. The latter's headquarters in Geneva are, however, nothing more than a clearing-house for the Red Cross organisations of the world. It has no funds of its own to draw upon, and no organisation of medical services. All it can do is to pass on the appeal to all the other members of the League. It remains to be seen how the countries of the world will respond to the Emperor's appeal for help.

"In the meantime, we have been going ahead and making plans so that everything would be ready to send out a unit as soon as possible after war broke out. All our plans are complete, except that we have no money. We need £35,000, and as soon as we get it we can get away in about ten days.

"From my own experience of the country I know just how bad things are. In the north they have no medical service whatever. Here is a telegram I have just received from the Emperor: 'Northern army without medical aid. Emperor desires you to divert small self-contained unit to enter via Port Sudan and Gallabat.'

"In the South," added Mr. Melly, "the medical service is primitive and wholly inadequate.

"Our plans at the moment are very limited, but they provide a working skeleton and could be easily enlarged. We have arranged for the first field hospital to be established near Harrar, and for a casualty clearing station.

"Altogether we are taking out seven doctors. Four of these will be at the field hospital. There will be two administrative officers and twenty trained native dressers brought from the medical missions in Kenya and Uganda. Col. J. Llewellyn is in Nairobi now making preparations for them.

"The casualty clearing station will have three doctors, one administrative officer, one transport officer, and twenty dressers also brought from Kenya and Uganda.

"Dr. Lambie, from the Sudan Interior Mission, is in Addis Ababa helping to organise the service from there. We have Captain Purves already at Berbera in British Somaliland, where we hope to land the unit. If by the time we reach there it is impossible to get through, we shall go on to Nairobi and enter Abyssinia from Kenya.

"We shall take thirty lorries and fifteen tons of medical supplies, which must include everything needed—operating-tables, dressings, drugs and antiseptics, anæsthetics, full supplies of instruments, sterilising plants, which will be worked by paraffin, and stretchers. We shall need between 300 and 400 blankets.

"We shall take no nurses, as it is impossible for women to live under the conditions we shall have to face.

"Two of the administrative officers going out with the unit are Mr. Godfrey Baxter and Capt. Townshend Stephens. Capt. Stephens is a barrister who is giving up his work to go out and help.

Unknown fate

"People in England have no conception of the awful state of affairs in Abyssinia," he said. "The wounded are already dying like flies from neglect. We get despatches telling us how the natives are so ignorant of modern methods of war that if they see bombs dropping from an aeroplane they run up toward them to stab them with their spears. If one happens to drop in the sand without exploding then they jump on it.

"Terrible suffering is being caused by gas, against which they have no protection.

"We are all going out knowing perfectly well we may never come back. If we get enough money, of course, we may be able to take out supplies of gas masks. But they cost £3 or £4 apiece. If we took 200 it would be £600, and what is 200 amongst a population of 10,000,000. I should think it very likely we might consider it better to spend the money on other things and just risk the gas.

"It will cost £35,000 to equip this one unit and maintain it in the field for three months. But it will be just a drop in the ocean.

"When we get out there the doctors will just have to operate and operate until they drop. There will be no such thing as off duty, and only enough sleep to enable you to carry on. It will be a case of going along lines of stretchers and doing what little you can in the way of dressings."

HURRY FOR IT!

Last week's announcement of an opportunity for every JOHN BULL reader to secure a wonderful £6 6s. Library of Knowledge for only a few shillings has resulted in an amazing number of applications. "The Modern Home University" is something entirely new—the first time that the knowledge essential to success in life has been presented in a form so easy to assimilate and retain.

Although a huge edition of these twelve books is on the press, the demand is so great that the offer must be withdrawn in a few days.

That is why JOHN BULL this week gives a reminder to every reader who has not yet applied for these twelve incomparable books.

Act immediately. Find the reservation forms that appeared in JOHN BULL last week, and send them off by the *very next post*.

Only by your promptness now can you make certain of possessing these twelve books that may change your life.

The work is graded so that you will progress step by step to full mastery of the subjects. In the twelve volumes there are more than 6,000 pages, nearly 2,300,000 words and nearly 800 illustrations.

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I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU KEEP GOING PHYLLIS! I FEEL AS IF I COULD LIE DOWN AND DIE!
YOU WOULDN'T FEEL LIKE THAT IF YOU DID AS I DO AND TOOK A CUP OF BOURN-VITA EVERY NIGHT!

It was then that Phyllis sat down and wrote:

Dear Sirs,

I am in a secretarial position, and have a great deal of responsible work each day, and there is inevitably a very heavy nervous and mental strain. Until a year ago I was subject to periods of over-tiredness, with the accompanying lassitude and sleeplessness which nothing seemed to banish . . . Then I commenced taking Bourn-vita, and found to my great satisfaction that it agreed perfectly with my digestion, and gave me nights of sound sleep. I have continued with it daily, and . . . at the end of a period of prolonged strain I am perfectly fit. Thank you for giving us Bourn-vita.

Yours faithfully (signed) P. S.

Last nights' **BOURN-VITA** *is helping her now!*

★**WHAT ABOUT YOU?** You can't keep fit for all you've got to do unless you sleep well and digest your food thoroughly. You will find in Bourn-vita a nourishing food, a fine source of energy, a natural digestive, and the greatest aid to healthful, refreshing sleep. And how you will love this delightful combination of malt, eggs, milk and chocolate!

Bourn-vita is a Cadbury product for digestion, sleep and energy.

"Why, the poor little mite is constipated. No wonder she's fretful. That is the chief thing a mother has to guard against, Mrs. Grant.

Kiddies don't understand; they're so absorbed in their games, and often neglect nature's call. Then they get bilious, lose their appetite and become irritable.

Show me your tongue, Winnie. Yes, it is coated—a sure sign she's out of sorts. All she needs is 'California Syrup of Figs', and she'll be as happy as a sandboy in the morning.

You'll find it keeps the bowels regular, purifies the system and saves stomach upsets and biliousness.

It children are to thrive and grow strong and keen witted, they must feed well and digest what they eat. There's no better way than the regular weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs.' All children love it.

If I were you, I would send for a bottle now and give Winnie a dose at once. There is a 1/3 size, but you will find the 2/6 size a great saving.

Be sure you insist on 'California Syrup of Figs' brand Mrs. Grant. I am surprised that some mothers are ready to experiment with cheap and drastic preparations. It's such a pity they don't realise that 'California Syrup of Figs' is a perfectly safe children's laxative. I know myself how carefully and scientifically it is prepared."

"California Syrup of Figs" BRAND
'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

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—To keep your Teeth clean and Sparkling-white

—he says KOLYNOS

Try Kolynos. Discover for yourself just how amazingly effective it is. Used on a DRY brush morning and night it will quickly improve your teeth. They will feel cleaner. Soon they will look naturally white — whiter than you believed possible!

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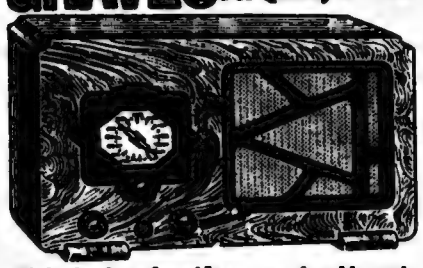

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Mr. J. W. M., Lower Gornal, writes:—'The Wireless Set is better than I expected. I have given it a good testing, and am more than pleased with results. I say it is more than you claim it to be.

Mr. E. D. of Birmingham, writes:—'I am still using the Set you made for me exactly 10 years ago, and I assure you that reception is as good as ever. We have never had a real breakdown with it, and for 3 years I haven't had to examine it for any shortcomings.'

Mr. S. C. of Walsall, writes:—'I should like to testify to the excellent service your 'Vulcan' Set has given us since 1931, and it is still holding its own. No praise is too high for your goods, and I am always pleased to say, 'It's from Graves of Sheffield'.'

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WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets.

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Beechams Brand Powders act like magic, stop Colds, Chills and 'Flu in record time. Quick-acting, pleasant to take, and equally efficacious for Headaches and all Nerve Pains! Beechams Brand Powders costs only 2d. each but the relief they bring is worth more than GOLD. No home should be without this wonder prescription for Winter Ills.

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Aching feet!

Tired, hot and aching feet need only this soothing treatment. A bowl of warm water and a Reckitt's Bath Cube. Dew-soft alkaline water clears and cleanses each pore of the acid waste that causes fatigue. Pain and inflammation flow out as if charmed away.

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Try the "Pine" sort for your feet

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No more matches

Here's a Drydex GAS LIGHTER

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Refill batteries 1/6

Complete with battery

From Exide Service Stations and all good dealers.

Cinderellas of the OFFICE

BLACKMAIL! . . . A crime so unspeakably vile that, as often as its perpetrators are caught, they receive just and severe punishment. Several eminent judges have described it as "moral murder."

It is a mistake, however, to imagine that the blackmailer is always out for money. His crime is not always that of demanding money with menaces. This is criminal blackmail which invokes the attention of the police.

But there are subtler methods of blackmail which, though less crude and brutal, cause an infinity of mischief.

One of the most insidious and hateful forms of it is practised by those employers of labour who deliberately exploit the beauty and charm of selected members of their female staff.

They do so in a fashion which, in many instances, is obnoxious to the girls themselves and a disgrace to the blackmailing love-maker who considers that because he is in authority in his office, factory or shop he has the right to force his unwelcome attentions upon any girl whose looks catch his fleeting fancy.

True, this is not demanding money with menaces—but it is demanding favours from the girl with equally implacable threats as used by the blackmailer for money. It is claiming from the girl, even though it may go no further than a mild, harmless flirtation on the face of it, acquiescence in something which may repel her.

In a word, it is "Your kisses or the sack."

"Your kisses or the sack"—in too many offices are girls forced to yield or seek another job, often without references

This form of love-making—a too-polite term, we suggest, for amatory amusement based on economic over-lordship—is in itself disgusting. But there is an equally shameful side to the question which JOHN BULL here exposes to the full.

We refer not to the girl who is blackmailed in this nauseous manner, but to the business girl who is *not* blackmailed—for the obvious reason that she is not physically attractive.

For where there are pretty girls who find the sickeningly amorous attentions decidedly unwelcome there are others who deliberately trade upon their feminine wiles to further their promotion.

It is in these circumstances—circumstances which we regret to say are all too numerous—that the plain girl, be she most hardworking, diligent and competent, suffers sadly.

Perhaps the worst case of any which has come under our direct notice is that of a shop assistant in the South of England, working in a large drapery firm.

"Not pretty"

She is thirty years of age, and for the past ten years has worked for the same firm. For obvious reasons we do not disclose her name, but the shameful behaviour which has been used towards her is eloquent in every line of the following letter:

"DEAR SIR,—I am a regular reader of JOHN BULL, and see that you are always anxious to see right and justice done. I wonder if you know of the things that go on in the big shops like the one where I have worked for the last ten years, without a shilling increase on my original wage of 25s. a week?

"I can say without conceit that I understand the business as well as any girl here, but unfortunately for me I am not pretty. How would you feel if you saw people continually promoted over your head simply because they were good-looking and 'friendly'—I suppose is the right word to use—to the manager?

"This has been going on in this business ever since I have been here, and I often have to work far harder than I should do because a prettier girl than myself, although far junior and less experienced, is in the manager's office getting his tea

"There is a lot more I could say, but perhaps you will read between the lines of this letter. I know there are plenty of decent girls, even the pretty ones, who will not stoop to this sort of thing, but when I see it happening, as it so often does, my blood boils. It is a cruel and beastly injustice."

We have satisfied ourselves that this girl's statement is, if anything, an understatement of the position of the affairs existing in scores of business establishments up and down the land.

Yet another letter which we have received adds further and blacker evidence that dishonourable employers are corrupting business life in this way.

This girl writes:

"I am a shorthand-typist in a big firm of merchants in the Midlands. I have a good education and training for my job—but I lack the one thing which can mean promotion and bigger wages for me. I am not pretty.

"I try to be neat and tidy in my appearance, but my mirror tells me every day that I am a plain girl. I work hard, but I have been told by other girls in the firm, pretty girls, that hard work and ability get a girl nowhere these days. And this is true.

"A pretty face, 'tact,' and the ability to be 'nice' to the boss are all that a girl needs. I have seen the arrival of nearly every pretty girl in this firm and watched how quickly they either gained promotion or the sack. The girls who got the sack, of whom there were a few, were the ones who refused to be 'nice' to their boss and told him what they thought of him.

"I can honestly say that not one plain girl has been promoted since I have been here—two years. Also, a friend of mine who works for another firm in the same town, says it is just the same there.

"Is it fair that we girls who are not pretty, but who do our work well and are conscientious, should be barred from promotion and increase in salary just because we can't vamp the men?

"JOHN BULL is the champion of the wronged and oppressed, I know. Can't you champion the girls whose only crime is that they are not pretty?"

Here again we have made exhaustive enquiries and have learned that the writer of this letter is not exaggerating in the least.

There exists not a shadow of doubt that there are certain types of men who cannot exist in close proximity to an attractive girl without immediately making overtures to her.

Whether their office love-making is welcome or the reverse does not in the least worry them. So sure are they of their masculine appeal that it never occurs to them that anybody can find their pointed attentions undesirable.

Imagine such a man holding the economic lives of young women in his hands. If a girl wants to keep her job she must accede to his proposals.

And what of the girl who dared to resist his advances? The "love" he had professed for her would very likely turn into hate, made all the more deadly through his complete mastery of her business life.

Perhaps actual dismissal might be deferred for a time, the girl being humiliated and shamed before her colleagues by loss of status with the firm. From being the employer's "private secretary" she might find herself among the humblest of girl clerks. At this point her pride might drive her to resignation before ever her services were formally dispensed with.

Office "pets"

Whether she resigns or is dismissed, what is the position of such a girl, then? She is flung into the overcrowded labour market to sink or swim. The first thing she needs is a reference from her last employer. The law does not compel him to give one. He is entirely within his legal rights in refusing to say a word about her. Or he may damn her with faint praise, vaguely stating that her conduct was "satisfactory," and leaving it at that.

What interpretation is going to be placed upon this by prospective employers? At the best, that she is a very commonplace person with no particular qualification for the post she seeks; at the worst, that there is something against her which her former overlord wishes to hide.

The conscience of the business community must be aroused to this evil in its midst. In up-to-date commercial houses there is no room for office pets. They clog the wheels of commerce, introducing jealousy and bad feeling among loyal and efficient staffs.

All girls, pretty or plain, should be given a chance to pull their full weight and be rewarded accordingly. By no other criterion should their value be judged.

ONE TUBE MUST DO IT!

Cleaner, Brighter Teeth..or

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

Colgate's is a double action toothpaste. That's why it completely removes the *seven kinds of stains* left on the teeth by the things you eat and drink and smoke. First, Colgate's *emulsive* action loosens and washes away many of the stains, penetrating to the tiniest crevices. Second, Colgate's *polishing* action gently and safely polishes away the more stubborn stains. Natural brilliance is quickly restored. Why not prove to yourself, at our risk, the difference these two cleansing actions make in the lustre of your teeth.

Buy a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Use it twice a day. When it's all used up, if you don't admit that your teeth are cleaner, brighter than ever before, send the empty tube to Colgate's, Ranelagh Road, London, S.W.1, and we will refund TWICE what you paid.

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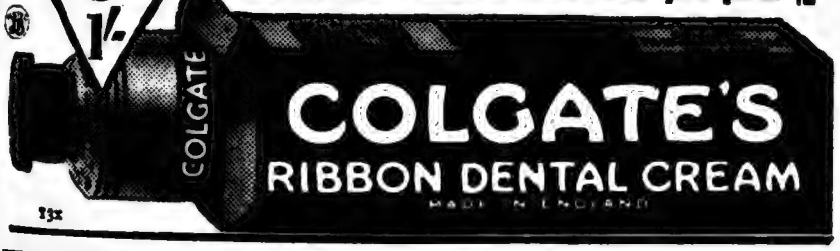

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A soap you'll love—at a price you'll like

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disturb your sleep

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YOU can't go on day after day handicapped by backache, urinary disorders, disturbed nights and rheumatic twinges. Probably the trouble lies with the kidneys, the delicate organs whose function it is to filter impurity from the blood. Get the kidneys working actively with the help of Doans Backache Kidney Pills and you will cease to be a martyr to rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, renal dropsy, and bladder weakness.

"Scarcely able to Move"

Mr. A. Circuit, 78b, Cyclops Street, Petre St., Sheffield, says:—"Sciatica and lumbago came on suddenly. For nine weeks after I was scarcely able to move. The pains down my legs and across my back were almost unbearable.

"My neighbours began to think I should never be well again. Fortunately, I used Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They were so good that I keep well now. Doans are splendid.

(*Signed*) A. Circuit."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Insist upon

Doans BACKACHE KIDNEY **Pills**

CORNS QUICKLY REMOVED!

The most agonising and obstinate corns can be quickly and completely removed by a 'Reudel Saltrates' footbath. The two-fold action of 'Reudel' rarely fails. The active oxygen released by 'Reudel Saltrates' enters the pores and carries special corn-softening salts down to the root, which is soon loosened so that it comes right out. Thousands have proved this the quickest, surest way of ending corns. Try it yourself and end the misery of corns without delay.

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Only in YELLOW packets
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Radiant Health in Middle Age

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Tickling Throats
Quickly and pleasantly relieved with **VICK LOZENGES** 6d

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

The Deadly Gamble

Up there with Windowjack

WINDOW-CLEANING is a growing industry in all large towns. At every corner towering blocks of shops, flats and offices are sprouting up. Most of their myriad windows are so high above the street that the work of keeping them bright is obviously too dangerous for any but trained and cool-headed workers.

At least, so you would think. Actually many of the men employed by window-cleaning firms on such work are untrained and quite unsuitable for that difficult job. In addition, cut-throat competition for contracts is causing scandalous rates of pay and conditions of work to become almost the accepted thing throughout the industry.

There are honourable exceptions. Some window-cleaning firms pay their men adequately, and employ every known precaution to safeguard them from accidents. But such exceptions are so few that they almost prove the rule that window-cleaning is a rotten trade at which to work.

Perhaps the worst scandal is the wholesale employment of juvenile labour, which is flooding the industry, keeping down wages and increasing the number of accidents. Lads are taken on and sent out without training or experience to clean windows eight and ten storeys above the street. As soon as they reach twenty-one they are turned adrift, replaced by more sixteen-year-olds. Their wages are often as low as 25s. for a week of 50 hours. Even grown and experienced men can often earn no more than 30s.

"If you are civil and obliging, you will pick up tips as well," the lads are told. They soon find out that this is simply not true. Only very few householders tip; and, anyway, cleaning the windows of private houses is perhaps only a tenth part of a lad's work.

If the lad worked in a factory he would be safeguarded by a whole code of Factory Acts; but he can be made to clean windows at any height, and any risk, unprotected by legislation of any kind.

Because he is often so inexpert, the trade of the windowjack is even more perilous than that of the steeplejack.

Belt useless

An Act of Parliament certainly provides that if he is cleaning a window from the outside which gives on a public thoroughfare and is more than six feet above it, he must wear a safety belt. But this precaution, designed more it seems to save passers-by from hurt than the window-cleaner himself, is not observed by 80 per cent. of cleaners.

Some carry safety belts with them, because they are required to do so by their employers. But the majority of windows are not provided with any hook or similar device to which the belt can be attached, and so it is no use to its wearer. Even when there is a place to attach the belt, its adjustment takes quite a few minutes. Each minute is precious to a man who is expected to clean 20 windows an hour, and who knows he will lose his job unless he keeps up this average.

Window-cleaners, moreover, widely believe that the safety belts with which they are provided are not safe. They declare that if a man falls tightly constricted round his waist by a broad webbing belt he is terribly liable to break his back. How true this belief may be no one really knows. But it is so much talked about among window-cleaners that it makes them very unwilling to wear safety belts.

Nor do the police encourage the use of safety belts by warning cleaners whom they can see working outside buildings without them. In fact, the prosecution of a cleaner for working without his belt is the rarest thing in the world.

One man appeared at Marlborough Street Police Court two years ago, and was fined 30s. No other case seems to have been reported since in the London Press. Obviously, however, if employers and cleaners alike knew that the police were vigilant, the wearing of safety belts would grow much more general.

In the present circumstances accidents are tragically frequent, and their number grows each year.

With proper conditions of work and training, with the universal compulsory wearing of proper safety belts, 75 per cent. of these accidents could be avoided.

Obviously many men should never become window-cleaners at all, any more than they should work as steeplejacks. Entire absence of "nerves" and giddiness are essential to both jobs. Yet no sort of test is made before raw lads, and men weakened by months of unemployment on the Means Test, are sent to work outside the top of the highest buildings. If they do not take the work when it is offered them, their unemployment pay or Poor Relief may be stopped. Knowing their unfitness for it, they do their work in fear, until, only too often, they are killed or maimed.

In many cases when such accidents happen, the victim or his dependents can obtain no payment under the Workmen's Compensation Acts. If a cleaner falls without his safety belt and the employer can prove that the man was supplied with a belt and had been instructed that it *must* be worn, the Court may hold, in some circumstances, that the employer is not liable for compensation.

Some firms of rotten employers profit by this, supplying belts and issuing printed instructions, but at the same time driving their men so hard that they have no time to use the belts.

Then when an accident happens they claim that no compensation is payable, and they succeed unless it can be proved that the man took the risk in the interests of the employer.

Accidents and sweated conditions of work are not all the window-cleaners' troubles. There are also the thieves who use window-cleaning as a means of marking down booty, and for making entry into houses to steal it.

So chaotic is the whole industry that anyone can buy an extending ladder, a bucket, a sponge and leather, and set up as a "window-cleaner." A couple of dishonest men often do this, and start operations generally in a prosperous suburb, prepared to move on to another suitable locality after one or two good hauls.

Sometimes these men are old practised thieves. More often they are desperate youngsters, sickened by years of idleness, tempted to do "just a few jobs" in order to make enough to start in some other lines of business honestly.

Mostly they are soon caught and appear in the Police Court, and magistrates are apt to condemn the whole window-cleaning industry because of such cases.

Mr. Fry, at Bow Street, declared not long ago: "I am horrified. . . . I don't suppose there is a single window-cleaning company who has not at some time or other had a convicted burglar in its employment. . . ."

Of course, this is not all true. But there is enough truth in it to make the honest window-cleaner, who makes up 95 per cent. of the industry, the object of unfair suspicion alike to his employer, the public and the police.

Easy prey

He never knows when a policeman will not visit his home to ask him endless questions about a matter in which he is utterly ignorant and innocent. He may even be required to go to the police station, taken there in the sight of all his neighbours by a uniformed constable or an obvious detective.

A remedy for all this could surely be found if only employees and workers could agree among themselves to organise both sides of the industry.

The Master Window Cleaners' Association should approach the Government and work for the regulation of their business to keep out of it the cut-throat employers. It is among their staffs, of course, that most accidents occur.

The cleaners themselves can do even more. At present they are almost entirely unorganised, an easy prey to victimisation by unscrupulous employers. This is especially true in London. If they joined the appropriate trade union, in this case a special branch of the Transport and General Workers' Union, they would enable a collective attack to be launched against the evils from which they suffer.

If this were done, the scandals of window-cleaning would soon be ended.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

BIRMINGHAM SUNDAY MERCURY:—"At a GALE dinner on the French Riviera."

MORNING ADVERTISER:—"No. 18c 'bus passes POOR."

PAISLEY DAILY EXPRESS:—"Two men rowed out to their rescue in a small BAT."

SOUTHERN WEEKLY NEWS:—". . . who damaged a shoulder so MADLY that he took no further part in the game."

SUNDERLAND DAILY ECHO:—"The best means of preventing infection spreading in dormitories was by opening the WINDS at night."

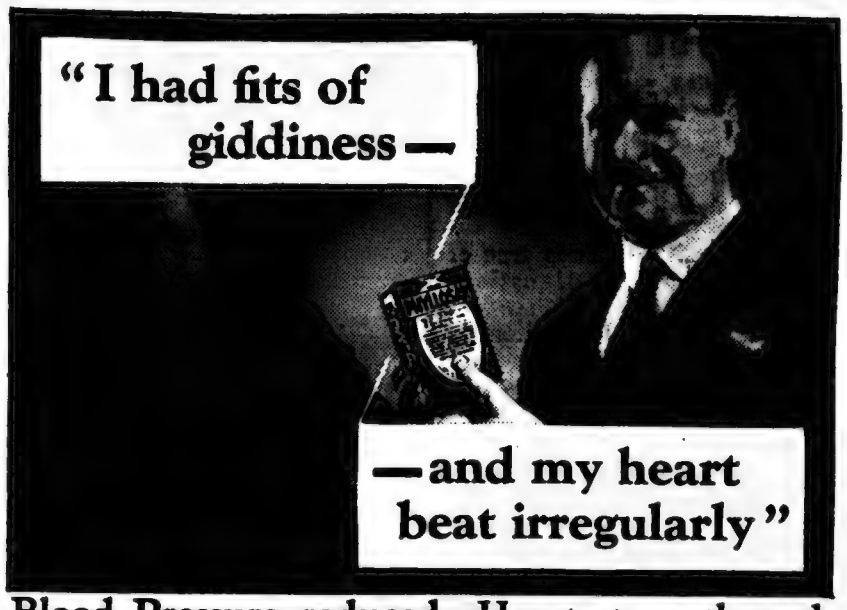
There are ordinary shags and there is Afrikander Shag... right out of the rut by virtue of its flavour, its mildness—and its *downright dependability.*

Afrikander SHAG

8D AN OZ also MIXTURE or FLAKE

In ½ and 1 oz. packets

"IT SAVES & SATISFIES"



Blood Pressure reduced—Heart strengthened

Read his letter:

"Recently I started to have fits of giddiness. Once I had to go into a chemist's. Another day I was forced to sit on the steps of the G.P.O. until a taxi came along. I managed to stagger into it. I became alarmed. A chemist recommended 'Phyllosan' tablets. After the first two bottles I became a new man. Before, I was frightened to walk out alone. Now I can run to catch a bus, and I enjoy motorcycling. My heart used to beat irregularly, now I can run upstairs and feel no strain."—J.W.

'Phyllosan' brand of chlorophyll tablets rapidly bring blood pressure back to normal by rejuvenating the arteries. The heart is relieved of its burden of overwork and the heart muscle strengthened. At the same time, all the vital forces of the body are increased, *irrespective of age!*

'Phyllosan' tablets are the brand tablets sold by Natural Chemicals Ltd., and are prepared according to the formula and under the direction of E. Buergi, M.D., Professor of Medicine at Berne University.

Start taking 'PHYLLOSAN' Reg.

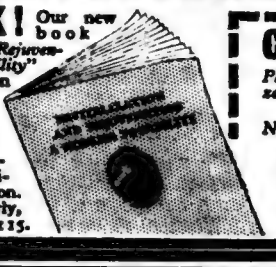
BRAND OF CHLOROPHYLL

TABLETS TO-DAY!

Of all Chemists 3/-, 5/-, and Family Size, 20/-.

The 5/- size contains double, and the 20/- size nearly ten times the quantity of the 3/- size

FREE BOOK! Our new book *"Revitalization and Rejuvenation a Modern Possibility"* explains how modern science is dealing with the problems of Abnormal Blood Pressure, Arteriosclerosis, Heart Weakness, Anæmia, Revitalization, and Rejuvenation. Women, particularly, should read pages 14 & 15.



COUPON To NATURAL CHEMICALS LTD. (Dept. 47) 28 St. John's Lane, E.C.1

Please send me a copy of your book: "Revitalization and Rejuvenation a Modern Possibility."

Name.....

Address.....

Write in BLOCK LETTERS please. Post in unsealed envelope under ½d. stamp. J.B. 19/10/35

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Blessed Relief at last!

To the thousands of asthma sufferers who have tried other 'cures' in vain, Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure will come as the sunrise after a long night of suffering and despair. Hundreds upon hundreds have found in Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure complete and lasting relief from this distressing complaint. *"I cannot fully express in words my thankfulness to Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure,"* writes a well-known Chaplain, the Revd. Wm. Hall. That is typical of the scores of testimonials that are pouring in, all telling of heartfelt gratitude to Dr. Hair, the asthma sufferer who not only cured himself, but has given new life to thousands who have taken his famous remedy. Try a bottle today—it will positively give you relief instantly from the choking, suffocating attacks, and will build up in your body a lasting resistance to this relentless enemy of mankind. Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure is on sale at all good chemists.

Send for free booklet explaining exactly how and why asthma can be conquered for good.

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VERNON This fashionable Coat is splendidly tailored in excellent quality Teddy Bear Cloth, and is available in three shades—Fawn, Brown, and Navy. Carefully cut in double-breasted semi fitting style with Broadway collar, flap pockets, button-trimmed half belt at back, and lined throughout with plain Artificial Silk to tone. A comfortable garment of handsome appearance and assured durability, suitable for wear on all outdoor occasions. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. Busts: 32 to 35in. Lengths: 46 to 50in. Terms: 2/9 Monthly. **26/6**

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YOU TOO CAN BANISH RHEUMATISM

I have treated —— for Rheumatism and Sciatica with URACE brand TABLETS with excellent results; she is better than she has been for years. Sister M. C. N——, S.R.N. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your Chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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The 50 Year Formula & STILL UNBEATABLE!

There's proof for you! And still Seccotine is the strongest adhesive in the world. Look for the name when you buy. In tubes everywhere, 4½d., 6d. & 9d. All British. Free Booklet from Dept. J.B., M'Caw Stevenson and Orr Ltd., Belfast.

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THE DOUBLE STRENGTH ADHESIVE

STICKS EVERYTHING

CONSTIPATION
is the Chief Cause
OF
DAILY ILLS

This is true of Indigestion, Biliousness, Liver Disorder, Headaches and innumerable other everyday complaints. For a Sluggish System is a POISONED System . . . a system so polluted by its own waste products, that it cannot possibly be healthy! It makes you feel Run-Down, Depressed, fills you with Pain, upsets your Digestion, puts Liver and Kidneys out of order, weakens the Blood! Take Beechams Pills! This grand old remedy conquers the *cause* of 90% of Daily Ills and restores that regularity and activity of the system which is the *only* basis of Perfect Health. As Beechams Pills Tone, Regulate and Purify, so your Health returns, your Aches and Pains and Ills fade away.

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Beechams *Brand* **PILLS**

Worth A Guinea A Box

FIVE YEARS OF STOMACH MISERY ENDED!

'Bisurated' Magnesia cures where operation fails.

After 5 years of stomach torture, when even operation failed, Mr. J. Dyson of Birmingham found a complete cure in 'Bisurated' Magnesia. He sends a letter of grateful thanks, in which he says:

"I've been a sufferer with my stomach for 5 years and have been under operation; but I still had the pains. It was like being in hell. I saw your advertisement and sent for a 1/3 bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia. It is a marvellous cure for stomach troubles. I am a dead man come back to life and the hardest work does not hurt me now; I am cured thanks to 'Bisurated' Magnesia."

Latest medical research and X-ray experiments *prove* the ingredients of 'Bisurated' Magnesia to be the quickest acting and most effective known to medical science; every day more and more up-to-date doctors are recommending 'Bisurated' Magnesia for all stomach disorders.

To be certain of quick, sure relief ask your chemist clearly for 'BISURATED' MAGNESIA; there is no substitute.

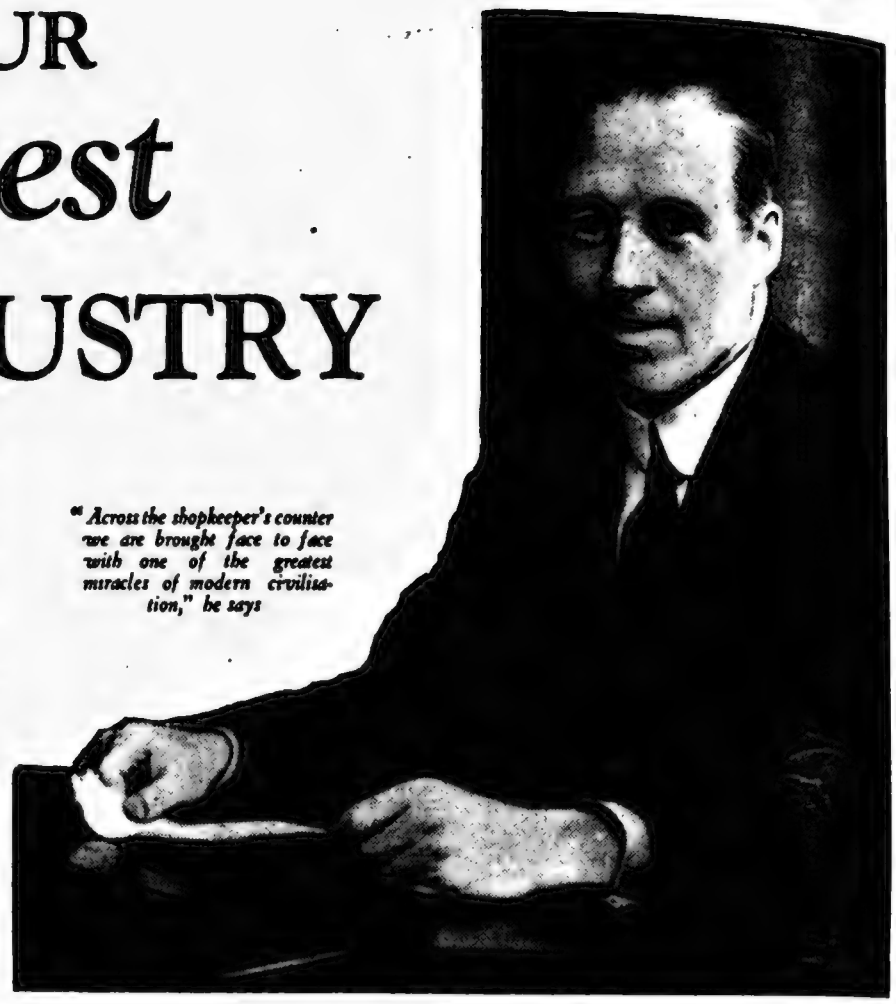
'Bisurated' Magnesia *For the Stomach*

EVERY BLADE GUARANTEED PERFECT 4 for 1!

WARDONIA

Get a Packet To-day. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

OUR *Greatest* INDUSTRY



"Across the shopkeeper's counter we are brought face to face with one of the greatest miracles of modern civilisation," he says

by

LORD LUKE *of Pavenham*

HAVE you ever thought, when you have gone into your local store to make a purchase, of the tremendous amount of combined capital, effort, research, machinery and man-power that has gone to fill it?

And yet all the marvels of modern manufacture would be useless if it were not for the retailer.

He is the man in the front line, he is the sounding-board of public needs, he is the man who knows what Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Jones wants, and through him the manufacturer exists.

Retailing, without a doubt, is our greatest industry to-day. The problems of manufacturing are being more and more pushed into the background by the problems of selling.

On the shopkeeper rests the heavy responsibility of prompting new buying ideas, stimulating demand, finding customers for a varied and ever-increasing stock.

Few people realise the great risks the shopkeeper has to run. In order to cater for all tastes, he has to stock goods that he knows people will buy, others that they might buy, and some that there is a distinct possibility that they may never buy. For instance, the retailer may have received a promise that there would be vigorous advertising of the article and this may not have materialised.

Thus it is only through an exact knowledge of the buying power and the specific preferences and prejudices of his immediate neighbourhood that he can reduce his risk to the minimum.

He is much more than a mere hander-out of goods. He fulfils, in fact, an invaluable function. *He is the buying agent for the community he serves.*

EVERY housewife has seen, in the "slack" periods of the day, the shopkeeper in animated and absorbed conversation with a smart young man complete with a little brown bag.

That man has not gone into the shop to buy, but to sell. He is the manufacturer's or wholesaler's representative and is probably selling to the shopkeeper produce by the hundredweight that you will eventually buy by the pound.

On the judgment and skill of the retailer in dealing with these representatives—and there are literally hundreds of them competing for his approval—depends not only his own profit, but the quality and variety of the goods that he can offer for your selection.

The retailer is thus the guardian of your interests and needs. He is a man who deserves to the full the respect of the community. Across his counter you are brought face to face with one of the greatest miracles of civilisation.

To understand the truth of that statement we must leave for a moment the familiar frontage of the local shop and go farther—much farther—afield. Yes, even to the farthest corners of the earth, to sunny Jamaica, exotic India, and the grim Northern seas.

We must see ships ploughing their way across oceans, bringing home goods worth untold wealth from distant lands—goods that you will buy, in attractive packages, for a few pence over the counter. Indeed, it is through the shop window that the housewife sees the world at her feet.

During the past few years a revolution has been taking place in our daily lives—one so gradual that many of us have not realised how profound a change it has made yet so great that all have benefited by it.

Huge strides have been made in the improvement and greater diversity of everything we eat, drink, wear and use. We have a greater choice in all these things than our grandfathers ever dreamed of.

With this greater variety of daily needs has come another startling change—the change to attractive hygienic and interesting ways in which these everyday articles are packed and presented for our use. Packaging has become one of our greatest industries and, at the same time, an art and a science.

The days of the old open sugar barrel in the fusty old grocer's shop are gone. In its place glistening cellophane, attractive jars, printed packages, easily handled screw cap containers, etc., replace the methods of the past.

There are still many people who have not taken advantage of this improvement in conditions and cleanliness which is being accomplished without any increase in price—often, in fact, at much lower prices than would formerly have been possible.

SHOPKEEPERS have a wonderful opportunity to-day to make this great service, which the commercial world has rendered, known to all of us, and so stimulate the buying of a wider variety of the fascinating array of products that is put before us.

In this, undoubtedly, the retailer's greatest asset is the window of his shop.

You can compare a shop with a theatre. No matter how much hard work has gone on behind the scenes—it is what the public sees on the stage that makes the play a success.

The same is true of the shop window. The window is a silent salesman and the smarter it looks the more likely it is to achieve success.

Because it provides such splendid encouragement to retailers to improve their technique in the display of branded goods backed by the guarantee of reputable firms, the JOHN BULL Window Display Contest—with its magnificent first prize of £1,000—is doing not only manufacturers and retailers, but the buying public as well, a great national service.

Properly dressed, the shop window of even the humblest retailer can become an inspiration and revelation of what progress we, as a nation of shopkeepers, have made.

Better shop windows benefit all!

Every bona-fide shopkeeper should turn to page 7 and send in the JOHN BULL Window Display Contest application form at once.

THE BRIGHT SPOT

A TOAST to the cheerful people of the world who can always draw your attention to a bright side of things when your life seems grey and clouded. How much easier to bear they make adversity!

There is one such Mark Tapley in the Perth Fire brigade. A reader has written to tell us about him.

This fireman was one of the brigade that rushed to the scene when the reader's house was ablaze. He helped to rescue the frightened children from the window of a room in which they were threatened; assisted in fighting the flames to a standstill after they had gutted two rooms; and was partly responsible in saving the home from complete ruin, which was more than a possibility when the flames first roared up from the cellar in which a match had been dropped by accident.

It was when he stood with the dismayed householder surveying the ruins of treasured furniture and other possessions that his cheerful spirit rose to the occasion.

"You will be all right," he said, boisterously, "*with that.*"

And following the line of his finger the reader who has written to us saw that he was pointing to a copy of JOHN BULL that had survived the flames.

* * *

Well, that cheerful prophecy came true. The reader *was* all right. We paid for the damage to his possessions because he had taken the precaution of qualifying for the protection of our unique free insurance scheme by signing such a coupon as you will find on page 6 of this issue.

What about you? Have you signed? If you turn to page 6 now you will find it is the work of moment. Then, in a multitude of emergencies that might arise, "you will be all right," too!

IT'S TIME MEN KNEW THIS TRUTH!

Millions of men in this country suffer from dry scalp, with its resultant dry, lustreless hair and dandruff—the forerunner of falling hair and baldness. Millions of men use Brylcreem because it is the Perfect Two-purpose Hair-dressing, Fixative and Tonic Hair Grower. Brylcreem is composed of pure natural oils and other ingredients noted for their beneficial effects upon the hair and scalp.

MAKE THIS YOUR DAILY HABIT

30 Seconds—
Take a little Brylcreem on the fingers and rub briskly into the scalp to provide nutrition and restore hair health.

30 Seconds—
Apply Brylcreem and then comb and brush your hair for that well groomed (not gummed) appearance that only Brylcreem can give.

Dry scalp, scurf and dandruff are quickly and permanently remedied in this way.

BRYLCREEM

The Perfect Hair Dressing

Brylcreem in bottles 9d., 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6. Tubes 1/-. Brylcreem de Luxe in black glass jars 1/6

The County Perfumery Co., Park Royal, London, N.W.10

SELLS

USE THIS COUPON NOW!

YOURS for 4D

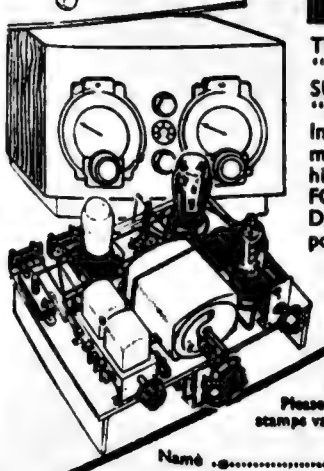
RADIO CONTACT

"Radio Contact" tells you how to build a radio set as perfect in performance and reliability as any expensive assembled set.

FREE 1/- BLUEPRINT

"Radio Contact" contains a magnificent free 1/- blueprint and full constructional details for making

4 MARVELLOUS RADIO SETS



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Please send me a copy of Radio CONTACT. I enclose stamps value 5½d. to cover cost of postage.

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They're certainly right...

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FRESH

– it's packed in Vacuum Tins

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Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs.

Your Kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by cheap, irritating drugs or neglect. If Kidney or Bladder Trouble makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Backache, Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-tex). Must bring new health and vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure troubles in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 3/- at Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's, and all chemists and the guarantee protects you.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles, you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for *inward* use. Ask your chemist for Zam-Buk Suppositories. 1/3 a box. Left in position at night, they cure while you sleep.

CURES PILES

Grips £300 CASH PRIZE Competition

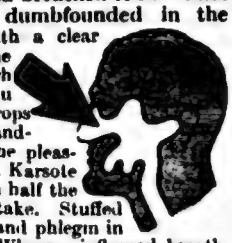
JIG-SAW PUZZLE Ballot

FREE COUPON IN EVERY BOX

Boxes 3d. 6d. 1/- LOOSE BY WEIGHT 2½d PER OZ

CATARRH
STOPPED HIM WORKING

Mr. S. T., Hove, was so stuffed with Catarrh, it made him feel so downright bad he could not work. Then he put some Karsote (new scientific inhalant) on to his pillow overnight and breathed it in whilst asleep, and was dumbfounded in the morning to awake with a clear head. In a few days he was clear from Catarrh altogether. You sprinkle 10 to 15 drops of Karsote on to a handkerchief and inhale the pleasant antiseptic vapour. Karsote kills Catarrh germs in half the time other inhalants take. Stuffed nostrils open. Mucus and phlegm in throat clears away. Wheezy, inflamed breathing passages are soothed. In no time your Catarrh is gone. Get Karsote (Brand) Inhalant from your Chemist. 3 sizes, 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6.



AGONISING **PILES** QUICKLY BANISHED

Why suffer misery with itching, agonising Piles, when T.C.P. Solution (the New Antiseptic Discovery) will banish them completely, just as it did for this sufferer:—

"I am glad to confirm that I have had great benefit through the use of T.C.P. I used it for **external Piles.** It has a most sedative effect and suppresses the pain almost instantly. I have had no fresh manifestation in the last three months. I think I am completely cured."—Yours very truly, H. A. L., France.

T.C.P. SOLUTION

The Pain-Killing Antiseptic

T.C.P. (a wonderful New Discovery) relieves pain instantly, banishes swelling and inflammation, and promotes the fastest healing known to Medical Science. Recommended by Doctors, used by Hospitals. So get relief this very day. T.C.P. Solution (with full directions for use) is sold by all Chemists, in 1/3d. and 3/- bottles.

COMPLETE THE BIG TWO SERVICE

FIXED-PRICE FOOTBALL

The CHALLENGER Lists include SIX LEAGUES—NOTHING BARRED

Odds up to 10,000 to 1

No division of odds however many winners

Send now for Price Lists on the

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EVERY HORSE QUOTED

Daily Letter Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time for any race in accordance with rules for **Horse, Pony, or Greyhound Racing** will be on at Full Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

FREE POSTAGE

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Please send your Weekly Lists. I am over 21.

Name .....

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WRITE DIRECT—NO AGENTS

JOHN BULL'S LETTER PARLIAMENT

How I Spent Last Sunday

IN the role of guide to a French friend spending his first Sunday in England, I spent the day answering awkward questions and explaining some of the peculiarities of our lives and laws.

Explaining that golf could be played on private courses, but not on our municipal links; that the majority of the playing fields in our parks were not used on Sundays, but that private tennis courts were busy; that in some towns he could not go to a kinema, but that ten miles away he could see any class of film.

Apologising for the dullness of our radio programmes was easy, but explaining the licensing laws nearly beat me.—*"Arpee," Liverpool.*

Unchanged

The old village church lying at the foot of a lighthouse-crowned headland has been a landmark in the history of my family. My father and his father had, by years of devoted ministry, endeared their names to the little colony of fisherfolk who attended its services.

It was, therefore, with feelings of mingled thankfulness and pride that I spent last Sunday listening to my eldest son preach his first harvest sermon in a building that has not changed one whit since those remote days when I attended Sunday-school within its walls.—*"Grey-Head," West Country.*

Modern Highwayman

Each Sunday finds me on the great highway but, unlike the vast majority, I am not on pleasure bent.

By raising my hand I stop and start the traffic.

Moreover, I can demand payment for the right to pass along my road, for I am a modern Dick Turpin—a humble tollgate keeper.—*"Angus," Chesterfield.*

All Prepared

A Naval officer conducted my friend and me round the docks at Rosyth.

We saw, on the one hand, the desolate hulk of the once magnificent *Mauretania*, whilst on the other twenty-seven destroyers rode at anchor.

Our guide informed us that they were all prepared for immediate departure to foreign waters, should the occasion arise. It brought home to us the quiet strength of our wonderful Navy.—*H. G., Kirkcaldy.*

More to Come

Leaving home early, riding easily, walking the steeper hills, careful on the downgrades, we were in the by-lanes before many motorists had even left home.

Now a rest and a smoke, a stop to view the scenery, lunch, a few more miles, and then tea called us.

We later join the streams of homebound traffic. Everybody passes us, but they give us plenty of room—and a smile—for in a sidecar attached to our tandem is baby.

And that's how we hope to spend many more of our Sundays.—*"Mr. and Mrs.," Bolton.*

Call Answered

I travelled to Addis Ababa, and what a strange land I passed through. A territory that was full of high and lowlands, stony and desert, yet passing through luxuriant vegetation, forests, prairie lands, steppes and grasslands.

I saw the Emperor's residence and the Government offices. I saw camels, mules, ponies and even bullocks walking wearily to the capital with loads of native produce.

It was market day; but unfortunately I could not stop, for suddenly I heard, "Dinner ready!"

So I laid down my travel book and reluctantly answered the call.—*W. P., Finsbury Park.*

Beautiful

Last Saturday night my husband—very mysteriously—told me to be ready early next morning to go out with him in the car. He said he had a surprise for me, and a most delightful one it proved.

We made a tour of remembrance, visiting the places that are milestones in our thirty years of married happiness.

The tree at Hampton Court, beneath which we made our vows to each other, in private; the little church at Croydon, where we repeated them, in public.

Our first four-walled paradise: a tiny grave. It was a Sunday lived in a past of tender memories.—*Mrs. H., Sussex.*

Stately

I went to visit a relative, and he surprised me by saying, "We will go and visit the Queen."

Sternly the Queen faced us—we could see her bow. The usual photographers were in evidence, and a steady stream of visitors came and went.

How stately she looked in the dusk of an autumn evening. A queen if ever there was one. The *Queen Mary.*—*A. R., Arbroath.*

Can It?

The thoughtless may urge that our work could wait until Monday. But—can it? A fallen tree, subsidence, a skidding lorry, and the line on which life may depend is down.

So—up we go, ignoring the wind which strains our safety-belt, but never our temper, until our task is finished.

Going homeward, I pondered on how many of those at that moment using the 'phone ever gave a thought to the man who goes up the pole.—*"Lineman," Richmond.*

Sorry or Glad?

As I spend every Sunday during the summer—on the beach dressed in my blue jersey and peaked cap, persuading holiday-makers to come for a trip in my employer's boat.

But this Sunday was the end of the season, and as I sailed homewards in the glory of an autumn sunset, I hardly knew whether to be sad because the old boat must be laid up, or to rejoice that from now on I should be free to attend the chapel services that my occupation prevents me from enjoying for four months of the year.—*"Boatman," West Coast.*

Convinced

An autumn sun was shining as we clambered the lane towards where the heathered Welsh hillside leant down to the little pass. Descending, we rode slowly, for our ride, on this one Sunday of the year, was for crab apples to restock the home pantry with apple jelly.

After tea in a tiny cottage, and with our bags full, we climbed from the vale by a grassy path, thick with leaves and as we left the beauty of the hills I was more convinced than ever that one is "nearer to God in the garden than anywhere else on earth."—*F. M., Birkenhead.*

A Revelation

I spent last Sunday exploring a mine. It was a revelation to me; the intense darkness, blacker than the blackest night, the hot, stifling atmosphere that seemed to burn the very lungs gave me the impression of a veritable "Dante's Inferno," and a terrible feeling of being in a living tomb.

On returning to the surface the thought uppermost in my mind was one of utter disgust that men, who daily experience these terrors and work under what to me would be unbearable conditions, should be so miserably rewarded by a society to whose welfare they contribute so much.—*"C. W. M. Rhondda," S.W.20.*

* * *

Guarding the works where the famous train—the masterpiece of the world's railways—the "Silver Jubilee" was made.—*"Watchman," Doncaster.*

I spent last Sunday resting my bruised and battered body in bed, vowing that it would never happen again. You see, I had played my first game of rugby on the day before.—*F. W., Askam-in-Furness.*

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on October 19

FIRST DIVISION.

*(1) WEDNESDAY v. Birmingham.
(2) Wolverhampton v. Sunderland.
(3) ASTON VILLA v. W. B. Albion.
(4) BOLTON v. Liverpool.
(5) BRENTFORD v. Stoke.
**(6) DERBY v. Blackburn.
(7) Everton v. Chelsea.
(8) HUDDERSFIELD v. Grimsby.
* 9) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Leeds.
(10) Portsmouth v. ARSENAL.
(11) Preston v. MANCHESTER C.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) Port Vale v. SOUTHAMPTON.
(2) HOTSPUR v. Bradford.
(3) BARNSLEY v. Bury.
(4) Bradford C. v. Swansea.
(5) BURNLEY v. Forest.
(6) Charlton v. Blackpool.
*(7) FULHAM v. Norwich.
(8) Hull v. Doncaster.
*(9) MANCHESTER U. v. Sheffield U.
(10) NEWCASTLE v. Leicester.
(11) PLYMOUTH v. West Ham.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) READING v. Swindon.
(2) SOUTHEND v. Millwall.
**(3) BOSCOMBE v. Exeter.
(4) Bristol R. v. Watford.
(5) Cardiff v. COVENTRY.
(6) ORIENT v. Bristol C.
**(7) C. PALACE v. Aldershot.
(8) Gillingham v. Newport.
(9) LUTON v. Brighton.
(10) Northampton v. Torquay.
(11) NOTTS C. v. Q.P. Rangers.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) STOCKPORT v. Walsall.
(2) York v. Halifax.
(3) Accrington v. Hartlepools.
(4) BARROW v. Darlington.
*(5) CHESTER v. Rotherham.
(6) Chesterfield v. Tranmere.
(7) CREWE v. Carlisle.
**(8) LINCOLN v. Wrexham.
(9) N. BRIGHTON v. Gateshead.
(10) Rochdale v. Oldham.
(11) SOUTHPORT v. Mansfield.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) St. Johnstone v. Clyde.
(2) Third Lanark v. Arbroath.
**(3) ABERDEEN v. Queen's Park.
(4) Albion v. Queen of South.
(5) Ayr v. Partick.
**(6) CELTIC v. Airdrie.
(7) Dunfermline v. Motherwell.
**(8) HAMILTON v. Kilmarnock.
(9) Hibernian v. Dundee.
(10) RANGERS v. Hearts.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—11 (*A*); Div. II.—7 (*H*); Southern Section—3 (*H*); Northern Section—8 (*H*); Scottish League—3 (*H*) would indicate Manchester City, Fulham, Boscombe, Lincoln and Aberdeen.

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, October 22.

A Question I'd Ask at the General Election

Every BLONDE—of BROWN MOUSEY or LIGHT shade—

should MAKE THIS TEST

Nothing to lose, but you gain added beauty!

Satisfaction — or No Cost!

To prove to you that you can again give your hair that golden beauty and natural blond colour of your childhood, no matter if it has turned dark, brown or mousey, cut off a small lock of your hair after you wash it with any shampoo or soap. Keep it for a week and then wash your hair with STA·BLOND. A day or so later cut off another lock and place both locks side by side in any light. You will be unbelievably astonished at the difference. You will see how fascinating and enchanting your hair looks to your friends after a STA·BLOND Shampoo treatment. If it does not appear 2–4 shades lighter and glisten like sunbeams on water, ask your hairdresser or chemist to give you your money back. This wonderful new shampoo treatment STA·BLOND, used by millions of women all over the world, prevents natural blond hair from darkening and brings back that true, fascinating golden beauty of childhood to even the dullest and most faded brownish blond hair—all without the use of peroxide, injurious bleaches, dyes, camomile or henna—and makes any kind of permanent wave last longer. Known abroad as Nurblond and Blondex.

STA·BLOND
THE BLOND HAIR SHAMPOO

All advertisements in 'John Bull' are Guaranteed. See page 37.

BLEEDING GUMS MADE HEALTHY

Loose Teeth Firm and Strong

Extraction Avoided *by using:—*

Gibbs "S.R." TOOTH PASTE FOR TEETH & GUMS

The essential ingredient in Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste is the most active substance known in combating pyorrhœa, gingivitis and similar affections. Gibbs Chemists discovered the secret of combining it with the other necessary ingredients so as to leave its properties unimpaired. Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste is the only preparation containing this substance in correct combination and

nothing else is so efficacious

A Dentist writes:—
"One case, an acute gingivitis accompanied by intense pain and some pyrexia, reacted at once to massage treatment with the paste. A chronic case of 14 years duration has distinctly improved and in a typical case of enlarged gingival borders with loss of contact the condition has cleared up."

If your gums are tender, swollen or bleeding, or your teeth loose, start using Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste NOW. You will see an amazing improvement in a very few days. Gums will cease to bleed and become firm and healthy. Loose teeth will tighten and become clean and white.

—Ask Your Dentist!

Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste obtainable from Qualified Chemists only. Price 1/3 per large tube.

VALUABLE BOOKLET FREE

"Long Live the Teeth!" a veritable little mine of information on this important subject, worth its weight in diamonds for the time, money and pain it can save you. Free and post free, without obligation. Only a limited number of copies. Secure yours NOW. Send postcard at once with name and address to (Dept. BV.) D. & W. Gibbs Ltd., London, E.1.

The TORTURE of the IRON CORSET

INDIGESTION PAINS

which ruin your whole life

CAN BE CURED

By (Alex. C.) Maclean Brand Stomach Powder

That dreadful feeling that you are imprisoned in an iron corset and that every now and again someone gives an extra turn of the screw—that is the way in which one sufferer tells us of the pain of Indigestion. But there is not one devil of indigestion but many devils. Pressure round the heart, breathlessness, stabbing pains almost all over the body, a feeling that you are being blown out like an overcharged tyre. Can you *ever* get free? *Must* you despair?

WHAT CAUSES PAIN?

Thousands of sufferers, nay tens of thousands, have been set free from a life of pain by Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Pain comes from pressure, the pressure of wind or gas in the stomach which is caused by fermenting matter. If you take Maclean Brand Stomach Powder nothing impure *can* remain in the stomach—it removes the pain because it removes the cause. Other pain comes from acid eating the stomach wall (which may end in gastric ulcer). Here again (Alex. C.) Maclean Brand Stomach Powder removes the cause of pain because it counteracts the acid in the stomach. That is the scientific explanation.

But even more convincing are the cures which have actually been effected—if all these could be added up it would be found that years of pain have been saved by the use of this remarkable remedy. There is only space here to print a few of these many thousands of unsolicited letters from grateful sufferers who have been set free from year-long pain.

SUFFERER SPEAKS TO SUFFERER

GREAT RELIEF

I have been taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder now for some months and have found it such a great relief for my indigestion that I would not be without a bottle in the house. I have recommended it to friends who have found it all you say it to be.

—Mrs. E. M., Southampton.

CAN EAT ANYTHING

I feel I must write and tell you of the benefit your powder has been to me. A few months ago I could not enjoy a meal. After eating my mouth would be full of acid and I always had an uncomfortable feeling in the stomach.

I bought a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and now I can eat anything with no discomfort at all. I take a dose before going to bed and this keeps me AI.

—Mrs. G. E., Birkenhead.

DOCTOR'S ORDERS

I feel it only fair to let you know the wonderful benefit I have derived from Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. For some time I had been suffering from severe gastric trouble and started taking the powder in order to obtain relief, with the desired effect. Later on, it was deemed advisable for me to have Medical advice, and my own doctor prescribed a continuance of your powder.

—Miss A. G. E., Chertsey.

Make sure it's the "signature" brand

N·B·

Because you will find relief from the first few doses, do not on that account give up taking the powder. Pain that has gone on for months or years cannot be permanently cured in two or three days. Take Maclean Brand Stomach Powder regularly twice a day for at least three weeks.

Alex. C. Maclean

The genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is never sold loose but only in bottles in cartons, both bearing the signature "Alex. C. Maclean" which is your guarantee. All chemists sell it at 1/3, 2/- or 5/- in Powder and Tablet form.

MACLEAN Brand Stomach Powder

The "Signature" Brand

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

FASHION FROCK

1/- DEPOSIT

Here we offer a real Bargain. A useful Frock in fancy woollen material, collar and frill down front in self colour Spot Marocain, trimmed three covered buttons. Skirt pointed in front; belt tying at back to give good fitting.

This garment will be sent to you on approval for 1/- deposit and balance may be completed in monthly instalments of 2/- each. Why not send Coupon NOW?

SIZES: SW. 44, 46; W. 46, 48 ins. (WX. 40 ins., 1/6 extra).

COLOURS: Navy, Mulberry, Jubilee Blue, Nut Brown.

FULL PRICE - 8/11

K435 Bargain Coupon

Please send me, on approval, Frock K435, at 8/11 (WX. 10/6).

Colour .....

Size and Length .....

I enclose 1/- deposit, together with 6d. postage, and will pay balance either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/-. If I return Frock, unworn, at once you will refund deposit. **Enclose Coupon, full name (Mrs. or Miss) and address and P.O. crossed thus / / in ink.**

Overseas and Irish Free State full cash only.

John Bull, 19.10'35. *No.* 509.

Send at once to—
AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd., 506, Ambron House, 60, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

Stop Hair Falling

Grow It Like This

Before using Ketalko my hair was very weak and falling out in combfuls until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Ketalko. Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued and the hair is now thick and lustrous and is a thick mass of waves and more healthy looking.
M. J. MURPHY.

Read this letter. See how you, too, can stop your hair falling and grow it again thicker and stronger than ever.

"My hair was falling rapidly and becoming terribly thin," writes Miss D. Bell. *"I had used different tonics, but the excessive falling of the hair continued.* **Then I tried Ketalko. My hair stopped coming away on the comb, and a New, Beautiful, Thick Growth developed, free from Dandruff.** *Also my hair, which was getting grey, resumed its natural colour."*

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

KOTALKO quickly stops hair falling—regrows it thickly and strongly. Gets rid of dandruff, and quickens slow growth. Ketalko is for men's, women's and children's scalp and hair, for weak or fallen hair, dry scalp and hair, and BALDNESS.

Fill in and Post this Coupon To-day.
To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 9, Percy Street (53D.B.), London, W.1.

Please send me post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

WHAT EXACTLY IS CATARRH?

Doctors say that catarrh is one of the most dangerous of unsuspected diseases. Four out of five people suffer from it in some form. Usually it begins with a simple cold. Then it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the head, nose, throat, lungs and stomach, whence its poison spreads all over the system.

There is one sure way to end catarrh. Ordinary medicines cannot reach the infected parts, but Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes will. They are made of valuable medicinal herbs, and as you smoke them their warm vapour carries its soothing, antiseptic properties into all the minute crevices of your respiratory system.

How to Prove It

If you think you have the slightest trace of any catarrhal trouble, colds, asthma, bronchitis, &c., get a packet at any chemist to-day or just send a postcard or the coupon below, and we will send you, without cost to you, a few of the actual Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes for you to try.

FREE PACKET

Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 W.W.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

Please send by post your Trial Package containing four Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes, that I may try them free of charge.

Name.....

Street.....

Town .....
(Print with pencil very, very plainly.)

HOW WEAK CHILDREN CAN GET STRONG.

More Vitamins Than Cod Liver Oil in Tasteless Tablets.

At last you can give your children little sugar-coated tablets which will do them more good than Cod Liver Oil with its nasty fishy taste.

Clotabs, these tablets are called, and you can get them at any chemist's. Children take them as easily as sweets. They're made from Halibut Liver Oil, which is even richer in vitamins than Cod Liver Oil. And here are just one or two of the wonders Clotabs have worked: One little girl who was very weak after Diphtheria and unable to go to school improved the very first week and put on 4lbs. in three weeks. A little boy who was run-down and underweight gained 21lbs. of sturdy flesh. Another little boy at Newark who could not gain weight after Tubercular Peritonitis gained 3 lbs. in 3 weeks, his appetite increased, and he became "happy and vigorous." A woman who had been anæmic all her life and spent pounds on treatments "never had such an improvement as I have noticed since taking Clotabs." A lady in Bath whose "thinness was a real worry" gained 12lbs. of firm flesh.

You simply must try these wonderful new Clotabs. If they don't put on at least 3lbs. of firm, healthy flesh in a month, you get your money back. From any chemist, 1/3 and 3/- the bottle.

PILES
can be Ended

There are thousands of men and women who suffer awful agony day and night because of pile trouble, who do not know that every chemist stocks a special remedy that does most surely and quickly banish the misery of this wretched trouble.

Make a confidant of your chemist. Ask him about Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy. He will tell you this is no ordinary ointment, but a soothing, healing, strengthening balm that at once stops the intense irritation and clears away internal, external, sore or bleeding piles.

The unique tube in which Man Zan is sold makes this preparation so easy and clean to use. The big size supply costs but 3/-, usually sufficient to clear away the most difficult case.

Remember the name of this special remedy for pile trouble—

ManZan
BRAND
PILE REMEDY

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

VERA (Frinton).—"A new shade of lipstick is described as pillar-box red." This should catch the males.

METHOD (Chiswick).—"What can people expect from their chimneys if they don't have them swept?" Soot.

W. S. (Canterbury).—"Poultry-keepers are born, not made." Runs in the family, so to speak.

ROMANTIC (Perth).—"The moon is renowned for its ability to make people tender." So is the sun.

ANXIOUS FATHER (Leith).—"What is the surest way to make a ten-months-old baby boy put on weight?" Carry him a few miles.

TOM W. (Walsall).—"Lots of spectators don't know what a fair charge is in football." If the game is a poor one they think a shilling is far too much.

COMMERCIAL (Oswestry). — "Wherever I've been, I've found that taxi drivers smoke vile-smelling weeds." In other words, rank tobacco.

POET (Bloomsbury).—"My father and mother always wanted me to take up literature." Then you ought to have respected your parents' wishes.

OLD-TIMER (Sevenoaks).—"If an office-boy takes an afternoon off to go to a football match, that's his employer's funeral." Not at all—his grandmother's.

T. R. B. (Lewes).—"Since starting a course of electrical treatment, I feel a different man." It has done you a power of good.

JOHN W. (Northampton).—"Because I kept the letter book and postage account so well, my employer has promised me a good job." A better post, in fact.

MOTHER (Cambridge).—"I held out all sorts of tempting bait to get my children out of bed early while they were on holiday." Wouldn't they rise to it?

F. D. M. (Newcastle).—"I find that even after several nights out I can still drive safely at 70 m.p.h." You are used to going the pace.

H. C. H. (West Hartlepool).—"I see a former bricklayer has been appointed manager to a prominent football club." He should succeed as a team builder.

HARD-HIT (Edgware).—"It cost me an awful lot to keep my son's shoes repaired, for he takes size eight and is heavy on them." Quite a big item, in fact.

E. R. (Dublin).—"Would you say that a blacksmith was an impetuous man?" Well, he does everything in the heat of the moment.

T. S. (Bury).—"I advise young people to buy their Guy Fawkes rockets now while they are cheap." They are sure to go up before long.

GARDENER (Bath).—"If you wish to delay a flower's appearance, pinch it gently just before it is due to bloom." Nip it in the bud.

CROONER (Birmingham).—"Is it right that to get the best effect over the radio I should stand two yards away from the microphone?" No, miles.

A. F. D. (Bristol).—"An African missionary relates that when he first arrived in the jungle he laid railway lines especially for his house." Made tracks for home, as it were.

SUE (Sutton).—"He proposed to me over the telephone, but I broke it to him as gently as I could that he was too late." In other words, that your number was engaged!

NERVOUS (Otley).—"When I was introduced to her mother I unfortunately kicked over her work-basket and she has never really forgiven me." You properly put your foot in it.

Tom (Hawick).—"Hundreds of people are injured in their beds every year." Well, they should stop snoring.

The Editor Laughs Last

B. L. (Truro).—"I just let my wife pick her own friends." To pieces?

S. N. (Sutton).—"An Army recruit gets a fair deal." On the square, you mean?

QUERY (Cromer).—"What is the best thing to end up a holiday with?" A pay day.

GOURMET (London, S.W.1).—"Who isn't pleased now that oysters are in season again?" Oysters, most likely.

D B. (Taunton).—"It is now possible to measure the millionth part of an inch." This should solve many parking problems.

JACK (Bromley).—"I consider autumn the most beautiful season of the year." Even Nature falls for it!

F. N. (Highgate).—"He was fired from his job at the generating station." An electrical discharge.

BALD (Chester).—"Is it possible to wear a wig without it being noticed?" If you don't want it noticed, why bother to wear one?

BATSMAN (Newbury).—"Now the cricket season is over we can only sit around the fire and play our innings over again." The cricket on the hearth!

C. N. J. (Peckham).—"I have started to grow a moustache, but my young lady only laughs at it." No doubt it tickles her.

SCHOOLBOY (Brixton).—"Having been wrongly accused of a misdeed, I was made to translate twenty verses of Greek poetry." Hard lines, indeed.

B. C. (Tooting).—"During my wife's absence her pet kitten ran out into the street, and although I ran after it I failed to catch it." But you did when your wife returned?

TYPIST (City).—"When I asked the manager to give me a testimonial he dictated it to me, but when I realised the inaccuracies of his statements I refused to do so." You refused to take *that* lying down?

ENTHUSIAST (Acton). — "What does one usually make a garden path with?" Reluctance.

DAINTY (Woking).—"Too many umbrellas are cumbersome." Then, why not carry just one?

T. K. (St. Albans).—"What is it about a steam train that so moves every man?—The engine.

BILL (Dulwich).—"I know a horse that couldn't run straight, even if it wanted to." Is it on a round-about?

T. V. (Rusholme).—"I'm bound to admit that my old habit sticks to me." You can't get away from it.

F. D. (Baldock).—"What should I get if I shot my neighbours' cats that sing in the garden all night?" Sleep.

J. M. (Whitby).—"The dog chased me and I found refuge in a tree, but ran a large splinter into my leg in doing so." The bark was worse than the bite.

E. D. (Smethwick).—"Do you like sitting in front of a log fire when it is cold?" No, when it is hot.

S. L. (Exeter).—"A particle of dust in the eye is a nuisance." A blinking nuisance.

ERNIE (Dover).—"I kicked down a row of dad's prize beans with my football, and what do you think happened?" He kicked up a row?

PORTER (Peckham).—"I'm very keen on watching the elephants at the Zoo." They show you how a trunk really should be carried.

W. Y. (Chepstow).—"I often wonder what a man goes through when his car has a head-on collision with another one." The windscreen, very often.

G. B. (Warwick).—"A person who has a bad cough should remain at home until it disappears." Instead of sitting next to us in the theatre.

STATISTICIAN (Kensington).—"Do you know how many sheep go to make up the mutton we eat in a year?" They don't go; they have to be pushed.

GEORGE (Parkstone).—"My wife sent my new blazer to a jumble sale." It might have been worse—she might have sent your old one.

SAMMY (Northampton).—"My brother thought it a great joke when his cigarette set my trousers on fire." But you were put out?

COUNTRY MOUSE (Bloomsbury).—"Wherein lies the virtue of the Russian tea I have heard praised so much here?" The answer is—a lemon.

J. H. (Trowse).—"My cousin and I never agreed, and we quarrelled when we met to share some old sheet music our grandfather left to us." You had some old scores to settle?

TROMBONIST (Warwick).—"I resigned from a dance band recently, but they have asked me to go back again, as they are not doing too well now." You are evidently instrumental in its success.

J. H. C. (Stepney).—"It always pays a boxer to keep in training for a prize-fight." And not only boxers. Turn to page 47 and see how you can earn a big cheque and Radio whilst training for *Bullets* Giant 23rd Birthday Contest coming next week.

HANDY (Rhyl).—"My brother was fixing an aerial, but after stretching the wires between the poles he didn't know what to do next, so I finished the job." You took the lead.

LAUNDRY-PRESSER (London, N.E.).—"The girls in our room went on strike last week, but we have resumed work now." So everything was smoothed out in the end?

FAN (Whitechapel).—"As part of his training a successful all-in wrestler turns the wringer for his wife on wash-days." In the ring, too, he does a bit of mangling.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

THE KID

A Marvellous Performance —'ON TOP'

NEVER a hair out of place, however rough the going—that's Julysia's performance! The "Cream of Hairdressings" keeps your hair smart, glossy and firmly positioned throughout the longest run. So clean and refreshing to use—and a little is ample. Neither gummy nor starchy, it doesn't soil hat-bands or pillows. **Julysia is better!**

Obtainable at all branches of Boots Chemists.

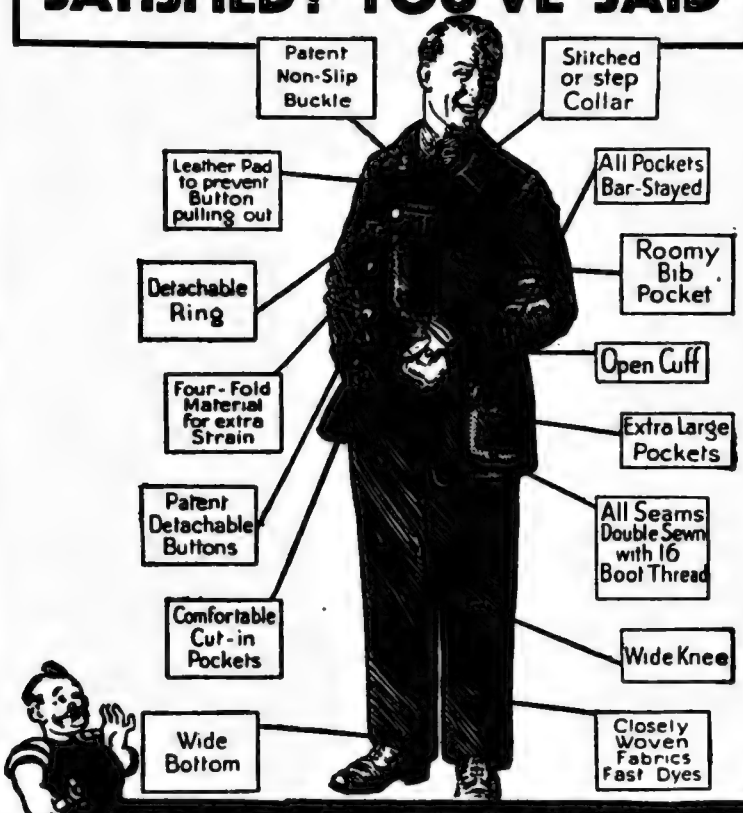
A product of Jules Frères Ltd., London, S.E.17.

Of all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores 1/- & 1/6 Sample 6D

JULYSIA HAIR CREAM

"The Cream of Hairdressings"

SATISFIED! YOU'VE SAID IT!



SATISFIED! YOU'VE SAID IT says BOLENIUM BILL

BOLENIUM

(Pronounced BO-LENNY-UM)

OVERALLS OF EVERY KIND

Ask your outfitter or write for name of nearest stockist to **BOLENIUM OVERALLS (Dept 1), UPTON PARK, LONDON, E.13**

AN 'ASPRO' MESSAGE TO 'FLU & COLD SUFFERERS

If you have NOT a cold this message will not interest you—until you have one. If you HAVE a cold, then the 'ASPRO' message is most important, as it tells you that YOU CAN STOP A COLD IN ONE NIGHT BY TAKING 'ASPRO' TABLETS. Furthermore, you can get rid of the sneezing, sniffling, giddiness and "groggy" feeling due to the feverishness accompanying the cold. Hundreds of thousands of sufferers could tell you that two 'ASPRO' Tablets and a hot lemon drink will definitely smash up a cold or 'flu attack in one night. 'ASPRO' does not harm either the stomach or the heart. So you see, you can get results and you need have no fear of any harmful effects.

COLD TIME IS 'ASPRO' TIME

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS and STORES STOCK and DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

'ASPRO' FOR AGUE, COLDS AND 'FLU

60, Warstones Road, Penn, Wolverhampton.

Dear Sir,

I am sending you a line to say how greatly I benefited by your 'ASPRO'. My husband was ill first, had a touch of ague and the lady at the shop recommended your 'ASPRO' tablets and he's working now. I caught his cold and 'ASPRO' worked wonders for me, so I shall recommend them to anyone I know that's got flu.

Yours very gratefully,
F. LANGFORD (Mrs.)

COLDS QUICKLY DISAPPEAR

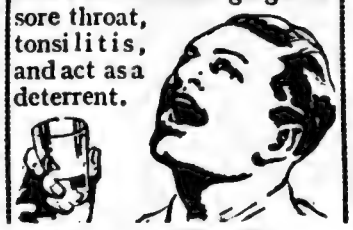
H.M.S. Danae,
America & West India Station.

Dear Sir,—It's a great pleasure to me to write and tell you of the great benefit I have derived from your tablets. Many a time I have felt a bad cold coming on, but after taking a couple of 'ASPRO' tablets it suddenly disappears and I feel O.K. again. I think it is the finest medicine ever made, not only for colds but many other things.

I remain, Gratefully yours,
F. J. WARNE.

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.



'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by ASPRO Ltd., SLOUGH BUCKS.

Phone:— SLOUGH 608.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3D 6D 1/3 2/6

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK

GREAT NEW 'DOUBLE PENSION' PRIZE *and* FIRST CHRISTMAS HAMPERS

FOR SOLVING JOHN BULL'S ENTERTAINING CROSSWORD

Win £5 MONTHLY FOR LIFE — £500 Cash — THREE PRIZES IN ONE — £25 XMAS CHEQUE YEARLY FOR LIFE Commencing December 1935

£100 Between all Runners-up

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS

On Wednesday, November 6, we shall forward to each sender of solution containing one error more than Runners-up, a Special Surprise Award. EACH WITH £1 BONUS OFFER

GIANT XMAS HAMPERS

to arrive just before December 25, containing:— Plump Xmas Fowl, Sausages, Xmas Pudding, Cake, Fruit, Chocolates, Cigarettes, Crackers, Biscuits, Fine Old Port—

ONE TO EACH WINNER OF £1 OR MORE THIS WEEK

"CHRISTMAS EVE. A loud knock at the door and here was a railway porter with a large package. My Crossword Hamper had arrived! Amidst great excitement my family helped me carry it indoors and unpack it, and when all the contents were on the table we were staggered at the quantity and variety."

These are the words of Mrs. M. L. Pollard, 19, Ashley Road, St. Anne's-on-Sea—and the happy scene she describes is typical of what occurred in the 469 homes where "John Bull" Crossword Hampers were delivered last Christmas.

To-day brings you a splendid opportunity to secure one of these famous Hampers this Christmas. You may well secure a substantial cheque also, but your cash award need be no greater than £1 for you to secure in addition a giant Christmas Hamper.

Provide the only all-correct Solution in this seasonable Contest and your huge reward will be £500, a Life Pension of £5 monthly and £25 every Christmas for the rest of your life.

But victory in to-day's great Double Pension Offer cannot be yours unless your completed squares reach Long Acre by noon on Thursday, October 24.

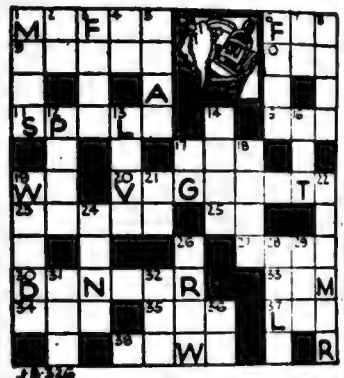
"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £5 Monthly and £500 in cash plus £25 Xmas Cheque Yearly For Life (or a lump sum of £850) for a correct Solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct Solution the prize will be awarded to the sender whose entry is the nearest correct Solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning Solution. Giant Xmas Hampers—one to each winner of £1 or more this week. A Surprise Award, with £1 Bonus Offer, will be sent to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 31, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 7.

☞ The SOLUTION and Winners in Competition No. 324 and the Solution of Competition No. 325 will be published in "John Bull" next week, as announced.

469 BIG X-WORD HAMPERS WERE WON LAST XMAS —NOW FOR YOURS!

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



J·B·326

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 326—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 24, 1935.

J·B·326

J·B·326

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. Value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. They keep ladies' hands warm
6. Sounds nicer than lie
9. Alert
10. There's often much of this about nothing
11. Dictionary shows you how to do so
15. Seen on faces after holidays
17. May scare fish away from the angler
19. Tail of minnows
20. Another word for tramps
23. Water animal that is hunted by hounds
25. Indicates it's mine
27. Stalk of a plant
30. Light should be thrown upon
33. Fritz raises with "Hell!"
34. The eyes do it
35. What thieves do
37. Side of ship that is sheltered from wind
38. You sometimes see garments in this

DOWN

1. General is sometimes busy with these
2. Half full
3. Is commonly announced by a siren
4. Subtract vowels from number of vowels
5. Is usually put on state documents
6. Although scoffed at, aeroplanes soon became this
7. Common to idler and idiot
8. Politicians are not this
12. Makes planning future easier
13. Such interest in a film usually means success
14. Can often be seen on turf
16. What little one does may surprise you
17. Cut middle out of rug
18. Victorian ones are laughed at to-day
19. Go through them warily if you fear traps
21. Ends war and begins armistice
22. Gentle heat is right for this
24. Concentrate on it to sing song well
26. Dictators do so and menace peace
28. Telling one is common on wireless
29. Before in poetry
31. First three vowels
32. Number of years in Riviera
36. Both ends of baton

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying ink or copying ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it "& Co."; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, October 24, 1935.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from "John Bull" plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette."

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, Entry square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 7, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, November 19, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £100. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

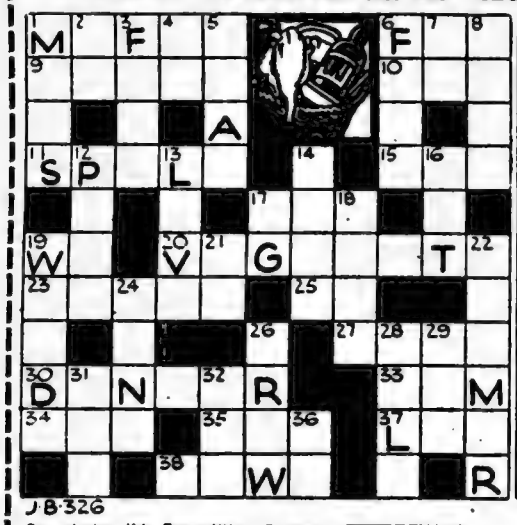
4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £850 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 326—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 24, 1935.



J·B·326

J·B·326

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

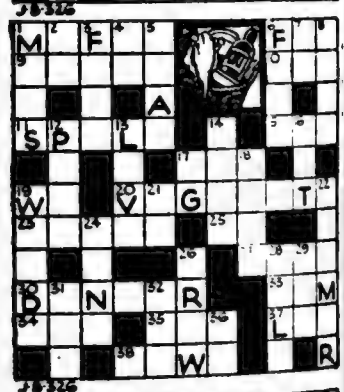
.....

ADDRESS ENTRY "John Bull" Crossword No. 326, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Free Help for X-word Entrants. Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 6 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED.

J·B·326



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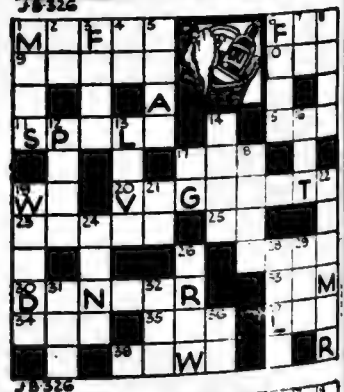

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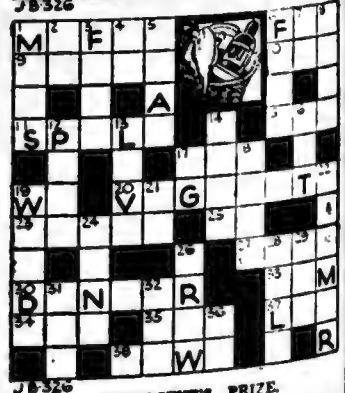


J·B·326

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the News agent from whom this contest's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull."

NERVE-WRECKING PRURITUS UNFAILING RELIEF

Few skin disorders undermine the health to such a degree as itching, maddening, sleep-destroying Pruritus. Thousands of adults live in misery through the torment of this scourge. Yet it is quite needless, as a trial of the Cuticura treatment will undoubtedly prove. Over fifty years' use has established Cuticura as the supreme remedy for Pruritus, Eczema, Psoriasis and other stubborn skin diseases. You long for the relief it brings; rest assured that Cuticura will not fail you.

How Cuticura Heals

Wash the affected part daily with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry gently and apply Cuticura Ointment. This daily treatment relieves itching, and allays inflammation at once. The soothing, healing, antiseptic Cuticura penetrates to the source of the irritation. It destroys the lurking germs which keep the disease active, it heals the festering sores and steadily establishes a healthy condition of the skin which leads to complete recovery.

Free, After Years of Torture

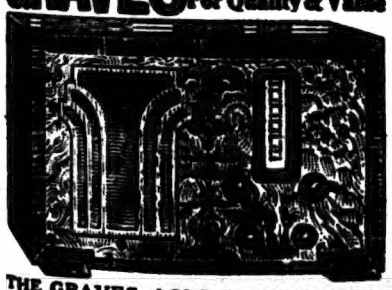
"For more years than I can remember I have suffered torture from Pruritus. The itching was terrible and many a night it kept me awake for hours. It was often bad enough during the day, but got unbearable at night. However, a friend told me of the benefit he had got from Cuticura Ointment and Soap and I determined to try them. I can honestly say they have been a godsend to me."
F. W. B. —, Hampstead, N.W.3.

Cuticura Ointment 1/3, 2/6 and 5/-. Cuticura Soap 1/-. Sample of Soap, Ointment and Talcum sent on receipt of 1½d. stamp for postage.
Address: Cuticura (Dept. 7B 80) Newbery & Phillips Ltd., 31 Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

Cuticura

SOOTHING ANTISEPTIC HEALING

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



THE GRAVES A.V.C.S. SUPER-HET ALL-ELECTRIC RECEIVER is an immensely powerful long-range Set, built to operate on any Electric Light (A.C.) Circuit, and offered at a world challenging price on the Easiest and Fairest Terms of payment ever made. It is the last word in Radio excellence, having many exclusive features and possessing ample capacity to maintain the highest quality reception at any desired strength. Simple to control and operate. 8-Va ve circuit of unsurpassed efficiency with fully delayed & amplified system of Automatic Volume Control Provided with Noise Suppressor switch. Full Vision Illuminated Tuning Scale, Variable Tone Compensation, Large Capacity Moving Coil Loud Speaker, British Valves. Terminals for Gramophone and Extension Loud Speaker. Beautifully marked walnut cabinet in two shades. Size: 21 x 12½ x 9½ins. The Outfit is Complete in every respect including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Securely packed and Carriage Paid to destination. £12.12.0

12/6 now

Easy Terms: 12/6 now, and 12/6 monthly.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.
Mr. C.E.B., Gilfach Goch, writes:—"The Set is worth every word of its praise and I am delighted with its clear tone and volume. I can get both English and Foreign Stations with an indoor aerial."
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other high class Sets for Batteries or Mains. Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

MAKE EXTRA MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME!

Finest Sheffield Tools
ONLY are included in the New and Improved G.T.L. Tool Chest making it better value than ever.
ALL BEST BRITISH

With the NEW AND IMPROVED G.T.L TOOL CHEST and Home Repairing Outfit

YOUR spare time, during the long winter evenings, can be turned to good account if you've a G.T.L. Tool Chest and Home Repairing Outfit. With it you can make a thousand-and-one useful articles for your home and garden, and it opens up a new and inexpensive way of adding to the comfort, convenience and amenities of your property, while saving you literally pounds a year in repairs for which you would otherwise have to pay. Incidentally, it also affords a new, pleasurable way of adding to your income by making articles to sell. So that—with a G.T.L. Tool Chest—instead of spending money in your leisure hours, you will be making it, saving it and enjoying it!

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

A valuable FREE BOOK OF INSTRUCTION, containing over 200 working illustrations, is included in the G.T.L. Tool Chest. If you have never handled a tool, you CAN be sure of immediate success because this book tells you what to make and shows you step-by-step how to make it.

THE NEW AND IMPROVED G.T.L. TOOL CHEST

The new G.T.L. Chest for 1935 has been vastly improved by the inclusion of additional Tools and improvements to existing ones. Now there are over fifty high quality articles, all the finest Sheffield Tools, neatly fitted in steel clips, and they come to you direct from the manufacturers after being carefully tested. Everything for every purpose is here, and the G.T.L. Tool Chest stands alone in its quality, completeness and arrangement. This Chest *is the original and only* G.T.L. Guaranteed Tool Chest.

A FEW SHILLINGS BRINGS YOU THE G.T.L. TOOL CHEST AT ONCE on 7 DAYS APPROVAL

A first payment of a few shillings and the G.T.L. Tool Chest is sent at once to your Home CARRIAGE PAID and packing free. The balance can be paid by small monthly sums to suit your pocket; meanwhile the G.T.L. Tool Chest is making money for you.

FREE To Readers of "JOHN BULL"

A Beautiful 16-page BROCHURE describing the G.T.L GUARANTEED TOOL CHEST and Home Repairing Outfit in detail, and telling how you can save and make money—as tens of thousands of others are already doing.

POST THIS COUPON NOW

To GUARANTEED TOOLS (1933) LIMITED, 12-13 Chiswell St. Finsbury, London, E.C.1
Please send me by return, free of all cost and obligation, your beautifully illustrated booklet of the G.T.L. Guaranteed Tool Chest and Home Repairing Outfit, together with particulars of price, and how I can obtain it at once for a small first payment. (PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.)

Name .....

Address .....

.....

J.B. 2-35 ½d. stamp is sufficient if in an unsealed envelope

THE ONLY VALVE WITH A 6 MONTHS GUARANTEE

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362 QUALITY is maintained.
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362 PRICES are the same everywhere as valves as good cannot be sold for less.
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IF NOT EASILY OBTAINABLE LOCALLY—do not be persuaded to "try the next best"—WE WILL SEND POST FREE on receipt of list price.

BATTERY.
H.HL. & L. 3/6; Power 4/-; Super Power 4/6; S6 & VS7/6; VP 9/-; Pentode Type 10/-; SA & SX 9/-.

A.C. MAINS.

ACHL4	7/6	PE25	8/-
ACPX4	9/-	ACS64	12/6
ACV84	12/6	ACME	13/-
ACHH	13/-	RB41	7/6
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ACHL466	9/-	PX25	20/-
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LONDON E.5.
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Rheumatism & STOMACH COMPLAINTS

Mrs. Ellery, 77, Lordens Hill, Ecclesfield, nr. Sheffield, writes:—"I must thank you for the good effects Vitadatio has done for me. It is a year since I started taking it for Rheumatism and Stomach complaint. I was in bed nearly three months when my husband got me a 5/- bottle, and after taking a few doses, I could feel it doing me good. A few days after this, I had a violent sickness, and shortly after I felt myself picking up, and now I feel a new woman, thanks to Vitadatio."

If you are a Sufferer, Get a Bottle To-day!

Vitadatio

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET OF TESTIMONIALS

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Ltd. Chemists, Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle. Post, 6d. extra in U.K. 21/- Export Bottles, post free, from VITADATIO No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

"John Bull" PENSION WINNER

Thanks 'Guide & Ideas'

Mr. A. Booth, winner of £6 a month for life and £400 cash in John Bull Crossword No. 318, writes this unsolicited tribute:

"I have always found* Guide and Ideas *of great help in all my competition efforts . . . . It is the only competition journal I use."

Just 2d. every Monday, and *you*, too, can enjoy the same expert help. Each issue contains vital words in the big cash Crosswords, new ideas for constructing clever phrases for Bullets, Doublits, Nutshells, Roundabouts, etc.—unrivalled advice and solutions for contests in which over £10,000 must be won. With the help of *Guide and Ideas* you may win more in an hour than you could earn in a couple of years.

Guide and Ideas is much more than a competition paper—its extra big pages are packed with Stories, illustrated articles, humorous sketches, and features of interest for all the family.

BEST FOOTBALL FORECASTS

Week after week, *Guide and Ideas* beats all rivals in its Football Forecasts which cover all Pools and Plain Coupons

Be Sure You Get

Guide & Ideas

FOR COMPETITORS

EVERY MONDAY - - - - PRICE 2d.

Six "Bullets" guests enjoy themselves at the London Palladium —whilst outside a car and chauffeur await each party

THEY WERE WEEK-END MILLIONAIRES

"AS long as we live, even though one day we should find ourselves really millionaires, the memories and impressions of our Millionaire's Week-end in London can never be forgotten or erased."

These are the words in which JOHN BULL's hospitality to his week-end guests is summed up by a *Bullets* First Prize-winner who has just enjoyed such a stay in London—Mr. M. C. Mould, "Rosenook," Brittany Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

Let Mr. Mould tell you of the thrills and entertainment which were packed into the 50 hours of his stay in London, so that you may realise what it will mean to next week's winner of £3,000 and a Car to be invited to spend *seven* days in millionaire luxury at JOHN BULL's expense.

That winner, you see, may be *you*. . . .

* * *

"The thrills commenced on Friday evening when we boarded the train that was to take us first-class to London. We settled down to the two-hour journey, broken by dinner on route, our first meal as JOHN BULL's guests.

"At Charing Cross, a *Bullets* representative conducted us to our car (a beautiful landaulette with uniformed chauffeur, placed completely at our disposal for the week-end) and so on to our luxurious room at the Cumberland Hotel.

"A wash and brush-up and off we were driven to see the *Daily Herald* being printed for Saturday's delivery. With four other *Bullets* 'Millionaire Week-enders,' we were conducted over the works, and what we saw was a revelation.

"Supper at the Trocadero followed, to the accompaniment of a Cabaret—then back in our car to the hotel for the night.

* * *

"Saturday morning was spent in shopping and after lunch our chauffeur was summoned to take us to friends some 30 miles from London.

"Saturday evening found us the guests of the Competition Editor at a dinner at Frascati's to celebrate *Bullets* 1,000th Contest. And after a delightful meal we were taken on to a box at the Palladium for an exceedingly good show.

"Sunday morning found us among the congregation at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, the famous London church from which services are so often heard by radio all over the world. After lunch we joined other 'Week-enders' at Croydon Aerodrome for an hour's flight over London—the greatest thrill of our lives.

"After a final dinner at the hotel, we drove to the London terminus, and so ended our enjoyable stay. Soon we were everyday people again, home after the wonderful experience of being Millionaires for a Week-end!"

RESULT of COMPETITION No. 1,000

First Prize—£6 Weekly for Life, £1,000 cash and £1,000 Life Policy —or £3,500:

T. CLARK, 35, McEwen Drive, Inverness.
Example: WE LONG FOR THE DAY WHEN
Bullet: WORLD "GENEROUS" AS EARTH.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £200:

G. STEPHENSON, 200, Norwood, Beverley, Yorks.
Example: Because Of Sonny
Bullet: Hide Matches—Light "Torch"!
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE, £100:

C. NICHOLSON, 1, Woodlands Lane, Timperley, Cheshire.
Example: All Nations Want
Bullet: Italy's Music—None, "Discord."

OTHER PRIZES:

£50: Mrs. I. M. BLACKER, 17, Vale Avenue, Thrybergh, Yorks.
She's A Mother, So—"Depression's" Hidden—"Unemployment" Unknown.

£40: V. A. M ROBERTS, Llangenny, Crickhowell, Breconshire.
If Geneva Fails—Collective "Policemen," Competitive 'Burglars."

£30: T HILTON, 4 Church Street, Dukinfield.
In The Firelight's Glow—Picture Fireless Picturing Fire!

£20: S. RADFORD, "Garth," Eastern Avenue, Romford.
We Long For The Day When—"The Kingdom" Outweighs Empires.

£19: J. H. GREENHALGH, 6, Hermitage Avenue, Glasgow.
If Geneva Fails—Knee Bent To Benito?

£18: R. J. BARNARD, 'Elyholme," 21, Blanchland Terrace, North Shields.
Flames Of War—Destroy Crops—Overwork "Reaper."

£17: E. BENSON, "Longacre," Harrowby Lane, Grantham.
In Truth's Mirror—Just Look—Adjust Outlook!

£16: T. S. SMITH Park Gates Welding Co., Leeds.
We Long For The Day When—Reason Enforces Reasonable Forces.

£15: T. M. PHILLIPS, 1, Jubilee Road, Six Bells, Abertillery, Mon.
In Hospital—Ward "Cruise" Means "World."

£14: R. WAISTER, 31, Victoria Terrace, Gateshead.
Britain Demands—Support—She's "Standing Firm."

£13: H. J. BUTTONSHAW, c/o 'Rhodaville," Shurland Avenue, Minster, Kent.
If Geneva Fails—Pens Powerless—Powers Penniless.

£12: D. ALLEN, 63, Girton Avenue, London, N.W.
Going Past—"Legacy" Our Million Left.

£11: G. CORFIELD, 39, Badminton Road, Bristol.
Flames Of War—"Dancing"—All Sects Deplore.

2 OF £10 EACH:

C. A. ALLEN, 14, Thurlby Road, Leicester.
Election Speeches—"Sugar," "Parrots" Give *Us*.

J. F. ANDERSON, 10, Melrose [illegible], Heworth, York.
Her Memory—"Album" Grand[illegible] "Clasp" *Opens*.

2 OF £9 EACH:

Mrs. GALTON, High Street, East [illegible], I-o-W.
Flames Of War—Anger Master [illegible] Anger!

Miss M. WILLIAMS, Medart, [illegible] Road, Newport, Mon.
Faith—First Of *Three* "Winne[illegible]"

2 OF £8 EACH:

G. HOTCHKIN, 15, Woodsley Av[illegible]nue, Cleethorpes.
Britain Demands—*Slum* "Sweep" Relieving Hospitals.

D. WEBSTER, 31, New Park Str[illegible] Morley.
Liars — Once "Spotted" [illegible] Afterwards "Checked."

2 OF £7 EACH:

Mrs. HARRY, Goldsworth School H[illegible], Woking.
Good Name—All Father's Rose[illegible] "Bear."

E. WILLIAMS, Newington, Bowdo[illegible], Cheshire.
Empty Larder—Natural—Jerryb[illegible]'s Bathroom Above!
(Entered on "Target" Prize [illegible]upon.)

2 OF £6 EACH:

H. EVASON, 14, Whitfield Street, Birkenhead.
Good Name—Grandpa Nearly Lost Defending!

W. A. GEDDIS, Cooke Hall, Killylenagh, Belfast.
Dancing—Often *Steadies* Cupid's "Target."

A list of 25 £3, 50 £2, 100 30s., 200 £1 and 500 10s. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

FIRST PRIZE £700
and
LUXURIOUS 'PYE' £12.12s. RADIO
RADIOS AND 3-IN-1 SURPRISES!
STILL BIGGER FIRST, FINE SUPER-HET
£50 PLUS RADIO
£15 PLUS RADIO
£10 PLUS RADIO
25 of £1 • 500 of 2/6 • 2,000 'RED SEALS' • 8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES
WITH EACH OF THESE SUPERB "PYE" ALL-MAINS OR BATTERY RADIO SETS "JOHN BULL" WILL PRESENT TO THE PRIZE-WINNERS OF £2.10s. AND UPWARDS A GREAT NEW
3-IN-1 RADIO SURPRISE
1004
This week only!

FORTUNE, BIG CHEQUES, RADIOS AND 3-IN-1 SURPRISE AWARDS!

SPEND half an hour to-night on fitting together the few simple words that go to make a prize *Bullet;* your huge reward may be this week's £700 First Prize, accompanied by a magnificent £12 12s. "Pye" Receiver and a unique 3-in-1 Radio Surprise!

But that Radio of rich and lovely tone, magical in the way it transforms your fireside to a theatre, is not only for the First Prize-winner. Every one of the 25 cheques which await this week's best *Bullets* is augmented by one of these beautiful instruments, as well as a 3-in-1 Radio Surprise.

"The 'Pye' is a very handsome instrument, and in keeping with the wonderful Long Acre reputation"—thus runs one of scores of tributes to "Pye" Radio from past *Bullets* winners. And as a winner in this week's Contest, you would soon be echoing these words of Mr. E. A. Emmett, 4, Morley Terrace, York.

On Friday, November 8, a golden telegram will be delivered to this week's First Prize-winner, and there is no reason why it should not be addressed to *you!*

THE WAY TO WIN

TO make a *Bullet,* read slowly through the list of *Examples* and jot down all the ideas they bring into your mind.

The next step is to improve and polish the phrasing of these rough jottings, remembering that each of your finished efforts must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked to the chosen *Example.*

Suppose, for instance, you had made a note of the *Example* SWIFTLY, together with the simple comment *Gossip Spreads Slander.* By introducing the contrast between slander's speed and a snail's slow progress you could readily arrive at the completed *Bullet,* SWIFTLY — GOSSIP SPREADS "SLIMY TRAIL."

Before beginning on your own efforts, study the successful *Bullets* in our 1,000th Contest on the opposite page, noting how closely each effort fits its *Example* and how its meaning is expressed clearly in telling but simple words.

Then start on your own prize *Bullets,* making sure that your entry arrives by Saturday, October 26.

Use These "Examples"

OUT OF THE LEAGUE
PEACEFUL MAN
A TERROR
NOT FAST ENOUGH
SONNY'S AMBITION
DOWN IN THE CELLAR
NOBODY LOVES HER, SO
CLIMBING DOWN
WITH COLOURS FLYING
SWIFTLY
FAME'S LAURELS
OFFICE JOB
FORGETTING THE COST
WHAT HE WANTED
GRIM REALITY
ACROSS THE STREET
IN CAME THE VILLAIN AND
WHEN DAD'S ABOUT
LIKE A WHIRLPOOL
CONTROLLING HAND
SANDY'S HOBBY
I HATE
REDUCED
SLEEPLESS NIGHTS
GETTING TO GRIPS
MAD DOG
WITH HIS BACK TO THE WALL
TO KILL
ALL ABOUT US
BRANDED
HOME TO MOTHER
LEARNING SENSE
OLD FLAG
UPSET THE WORKS
TO GET OUR VOTES
WITHOUT A SMILE

ACCEPT **48** FREE PAGES of help with "Bullets" and Crosswords!

USE THIS COUPON

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and Crossword Gazette. I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford St., London, W.C.2

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter or dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

MONSTER FIRST AND 100 RADIOGRAMS COMING NEXT WEEK

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,004) Closing SAT., Oct. 26.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,004) Closing SAT., Oct. 26.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,004) Closing SAT., Oct. 26.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,004) Closing SAT., Oct. 26.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,004) Closing SAT., Oct. 26.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,004 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,004, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Afraid She Would Drop Baby

THE *PAIN* WAS *SO BAD*

Husband ends Wife's TERRIBLE SUFFERING

Relief from the First Bottle of

Yeast-Vite Brand

Here is a dramatic story for all in the grip of agonising PAIN—a letter which all MOTHERS, and every ailing person should read and profit by.

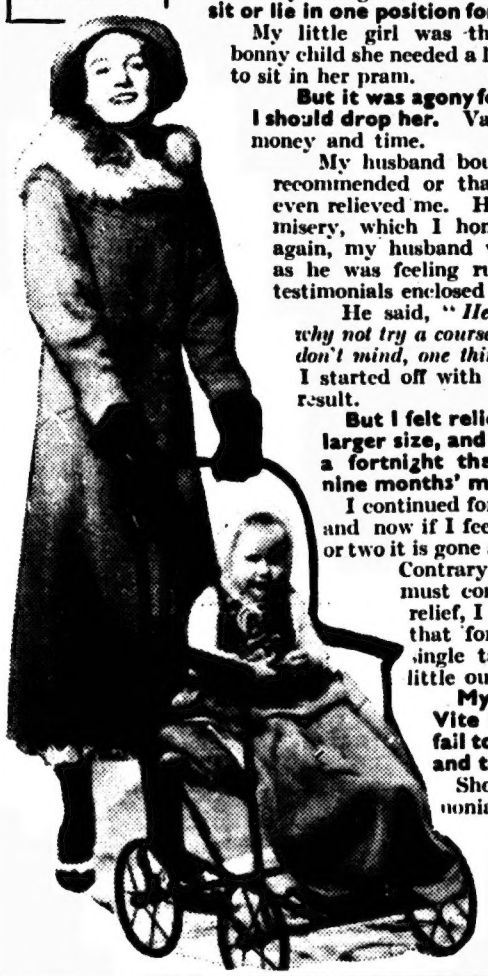
It tells of 9 months' agony ended in a fortnight, of a home clouded by terrible suffering turned into a haven of happiness.

It tells how *Yeast-Vite*, the Lightning Pick-Me-Up and Wonder Tonic, brought relief to this pain-racked mother. It made her a new being, as it has thousands of other Run-Down, Nervy, Weak, Dyspeptic, Ailing men and women. *You* should test Yeast-Vite's wonderful power yourself, TO-DAY!

Yeast-Vite is Life

"HOW EVERLASTINGLY GRATEFUL I SHALL BE"

A LONG LETTER OF PRAISE



Dear Sirs, *Bedfordshire, 1st Sept., 1935.*

Seeing once again your advertisement on Wednesday last reminded me that many times I have intended writing to you, to thank you for the good your Yeast-Vite Tablets did me.

Six years ago I had an **awful attack of Sciatica. I could not sit or lie in one position for five minutes at a time.**

My little girl was then 10 months and being a big bonny child she needed a lot of nursing and was not content to sit in her pram.

But it was agony for me to lift her, in fact I was afraid I should drop her. Various treatments were a waste of money and time.

My husband bought everything he could that was recommended or that we saw advertised but nothing even relieved me. However, at the end of nine months' misery, which I honestly don't think I could endure again, my husband was taking a course of Yeast-Vite as he was feeling run-down, and he was reading the testimonials enclosed with the bottle.

He said, "*Here is a case very similar to yours, why not try a course of the Tablets.*" I replied, "*Oh, I don't mind, one thing more or less does not matter,*" so I started off with a bottle, very sceptical as to the result.

But I felt relief even with that, so I bought a larger size, and I can truthfully say at the end of a fortnight the pain had gone, and that after nine months' misery.

I continued for several months taking the Tablets, and now if I feel a twinge and take them for a day or two it is gone again, but that happens very rarely.

Contrary to some people's opinion that one must continue taking such things to obtain relief, I can only say of my own experience that for months on end I do not take a single tablet except when I am feeling a little out-of-sorts.

My husband and I both think Yeast-Vite is a wonderful tonic, and I never fail to recommend it to any of my friends and to tell them of my experience.

Should this letter be of any use as a testimonial you are quite at liberty to use it.

I am writing it and am simply doing as I intended long ago, letting you know **how everlastingly grateful I shall be to Yeast-Vite.** I remain,

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) D. M. (*Mrs.*)

YOUR QUICK-HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	*TO*	*TIME*
NERVE PAINS -	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 MINS.
HEADACHES -	*Deliverance*	In 5/15 MINS.
LASSITUDE -	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 MINS.
DEPRESSION -	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 MINS.
"NERVES" -	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 MINS.
INDIGESTION -	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 MINS.
EXHAUSTION -	*Animation*	In 15/30 MINS.
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	In 30/60 MINS.
RHEUMATISM -	*Pain Relief*	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION	*Regularity*	In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD	*Purification*	In 36 HOURS

YOU NEED YEAST-VITE

From the very first dose you feel Renewed, Refreshed, Reinvigorated. *Pain* disappears! *Weakness* changes to *Strength!* Life becomes Happy — Joyous — *Worth Living!*

NO CURE NO PAY!

RECORD FAIR PLAY OFFER

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of YEAST-VITE Brand Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES OF YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded in full without quibble or question.

OUR SECRET

"Yeast-Vite" is so successful because each and every tablet is an accurate scientific combination of pure Medicinal Yeast (Saccharomyces Cerevisiae), Vitamins (especially Vitamin B1 and other valuable tonic ingredients as prescribed by leading specialists.

YOU Need

Yeast-Vite Brand

TONIC TABLETS SOLD EVERYWHERE 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/-, & 5/-

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